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OCTOBER 14, 1968 50 CENTS

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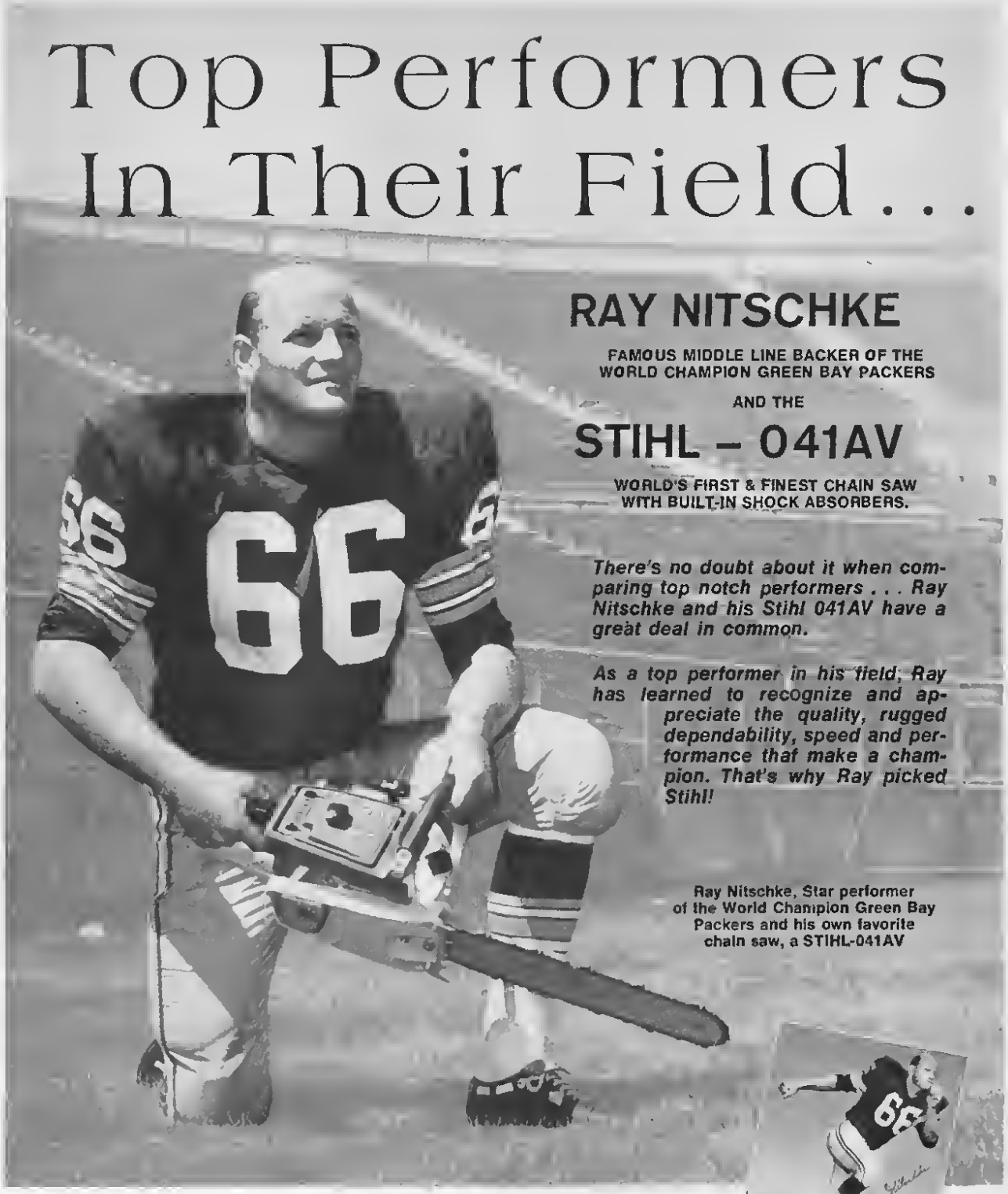

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Contents

OCTOBER 14, 1968 *Volume 29, No. 16*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr

26 The Tigers Saw Red

Cardinal color was everywhere—on the bases, at bat, on the mound, even in the rain that chilled Detroit hopes

34 Winning with a Loser's Look

The New York Jets beat the San Diego Chargers, but they needed a most fortunate call from the referee to do it

36 Grim Countdown to the Games

Olympic athletes arrive in a Mexico City of contrasts: physical beauty and the presence of tragic disorders

44 The Face-off That Never Was

Miami's Mad Stork was grounded as O. J. Simpson and USC turned a confrontation into a rout

Hockey 1968

51 *With expansion a bold success, the boom goes on and up*

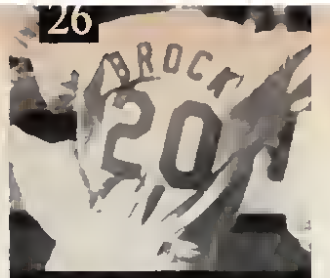
54 *Scouting reports assess the merits of the 12 NHL teams*

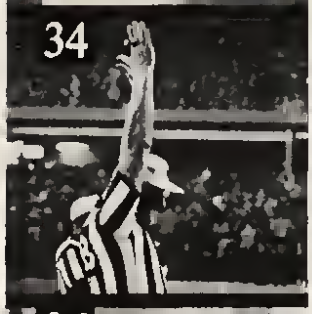
62 A High New Fling for Tartans

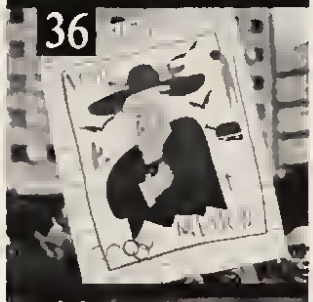
The old Highland clan patterns are bursting forth this fall in a variety of sport and casual clothes

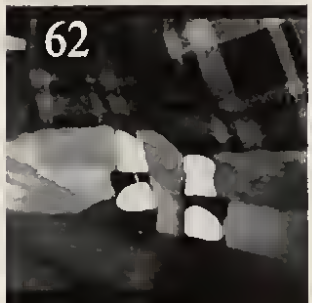
88 Excuse Me, Mr. Palmer, Sir

Overcoming a certain reticence, George Plimpton quizzes Palmer and Nicklaus and offers some surprising insights









The departments

14 Scorecard
67 College Football
75 People
76 Basketball
78 Horse Racing
80 Motor Sports
82 Pool
87 Pro Football
109 For the Record
110 19th Hole

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Credits on page 109

Next week

TROUBLE IN COURT—the basketball court, that is, is brewing as the pros begin a new season. But Frank Deford suggests a way out in a preview, with analyses of all the teams

A NEW POWER in Midwest football, high-scoring Kansas, has lost its image as a Big Eight patsy and may be one of the nation's best teams A big test will be provided by Nebraska

A BETRAYED SHRINE of American folklore is the "old swimmin'-hole," celebrated in verse by James Whitcomb Riley. It is polluted and posted, Bil Gilbert reports from Indiana

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Pick up a newspaper these days, enter a movie theater, walk into a bookstore, switch on a radio or glance at a TV screen and you likely will be reminded of the existence of a tall, amiable fellow named George Plimpton. Though he has since become as familiar a figure as, say, a 30-game winner or a political candidate, George's association with us began more than 12 years ago. We were searching for someone to write about Harold Vanderbilt, the sailboat racer and inventor of contract bridge. George was establishing the literary magazine he edits, the *Paris Review*, and had developed for it the technique of in-depth interviews with famous writers. We said, how about trying a bridge master and sailor instead? He

AUTHOR PLIMPTON AND ACTOR ALDA

was rather surprised at the suggestion, but agreed, and the result was a four-part series and a lasting affiliation with George Plimpton.

Since the Vanderbilt story three of Plimpton's assignments for us have turned into books—*Out of My League*, *Paper Lion* and now *The Bogey Man*, excerpts from which begin on page 88 of this issue. *Paper Lion* stayed on the bestseller lists for months, has sold 550,000 paperback copies and seems to have set a standard by which all personalized pro-football books are being judged. For example, two of the latest such works—one fiction and one nonfiction—are using as advertising lines, "What they didn't tell George Plimpton" and "Ranks with *Paper Lion*."

The success of *Paper Lion* has led us into a game that might be called Keeping up with George. It is a tough sport. This week the movie version of *Paper Lion* is being released, with Alan Alda playing the part of Plimpton and with a number of the Detroit Lions playing themselves. (Our editor, incidentally, does not play himself.) Among his other recent enterprises, George has been the star of a one-hour television special in which he plays the triangle, sleigh bells and cymbals with the New York Philharmonic; has made television commercials for Oldsmobile; has played table tennis on a TV show against champion Dick Miles (another of our contributors); has performed as the mayor of New York in a new Norman Mailer movie; has popped up on talk shows as regularly as Peggy Cass; and has continued to give parties that suggest he is not the paper lion but the social lion of New York.

Though he is now writing a novel, George is staying busy for us. He recently spent a fortnight on our behalf as a forward with the Boston Celtics, which was, in his words, "The most grueling physical labor I have ever attempted." In his three minutes of game action to date—against the Atlanta Hawks in an exhibition—he blew a layup, was charged with a foul and received credit for an assist. And at this moment he and his wife Freddy are in Africa hunting the wily bongo. "This should be interesting," George said as he was leaving. "The last rifle I shot was an M-1 in the Army."

We are often amused by George's diverse activities, and we have enjoyed seeing him emerge as a Renaissance man. But above all we have relished his development as a journalist and writer. It is in that area we judge him most critically, and we know he excels.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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The one we make, the '69 Imperial, is all-new. And the more you know about what makes it new the better you can evaluate all three cars.

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We isolated the bars with rubber cushions so they won't transmit road vibrations to the frame. We wanted it to give you the feeling of sitting still, even when it wasn't.

We gave it a choice of seats as comfortable as any armchair you've ever sat in. Buckets, split benches, with reclining passenger seats.

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Front disc brakes are standard on Imperial. Of the three luxury cars, Imperial's brakes are slightly larger.

'69 Imperial's new windshield wiper cleans a good 4 inches more than ever before. Our optional rear seat heater/air conditioner heats or cools faster than a single front unit. Our stereo offers 5 speakers instead of 4.

We think the more you know about all 3 luxury cars, the better you'll like the '69 Imperial. We're not asking that you think the same way.

But we are asking that you think.

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if you join now and pay the modest *lifetime* enrollment fee

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You will learn about these special savings regularly through your *free* copies of the Records Unlimited buying guide, which will carry listings of new releases and best-selling hit records in all fields of music . . . classical, folk, pop, teen, Broadway, etc. You can take advantage of the *super* discounts, or order *any* record you want at our regular *low* discount prices (plus a small mailing and handling charge). All records, of course, are brand-new and guaranteed to be in perfect playing condition.

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3.79 through 3.98	2.49
4.79 through 4.98	3.09
5.79 through 5.98	3.79
6.79 through 6.98	4.49

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Free Record Rack

Just fill out and mail the coupon along with your check or money order for $2.50 to cover your *lifetime* enrollment. We'll send the free record of your choice promptly. You'll also receive a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide, listing hundreds of records available to members at special discount prices. Act now, and we'll also send you, free, a handsome, brass-finished browser record rack!

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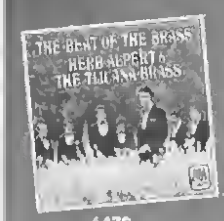

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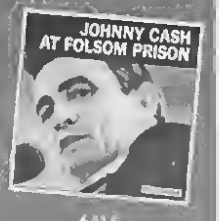

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I'm enclosing my $2.50 *lifetime* enrollment fee. Please enroll me as a member of Records Unlimited and send me this record — free

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Title .....

Label .....

Also send me my free record rack and the current Records Unlimited buying guide. I understand there is no obligation to purchase any minimum number of records in any month, but that those I do purchase will be mine at discount prices.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip Code .....

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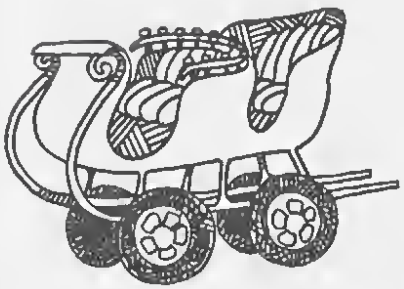
Sears Superwide fiber glass snow tire. New, it averaged 11% better traction than ordinary snow tires.

At 15,000 miles it averaged twice the traction.

Some things seem to improve with age.



Yes, Virginia, there is a Superwide snow tire

Laying out cash for snow tires is about as inviting as the annual battle with Form 1040. But it's a necessary evil. And reading this ad can help keep you from having to buy snow tires so often.

Tested against the five leading snow tires, the Sears Superwide averaged 11% better starting traction when it was brand new.

After 15,000 miles, it averaged twice the grip in snow because the tread wears more slowly up to twice as long.

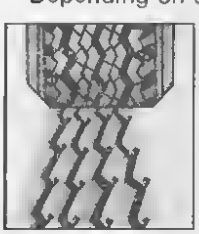
A couple of belts for the road.

Two belts of fiber glass run around the Superwide under the tread. The fiber glass belts keep the tread rigid, while nylon cords keep the sidewalls free to flex.

So the tread stays flatter on the road and the tire keeps its natural shape. For more traction and longer tread life.

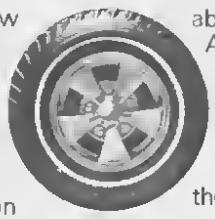
Sears, Roebuck and Co. guarantees the Superwide for 40 months. That's longer than a lot of people keep their cars.

Depending on size, it sells for $34.19 to $44.84. F.E.T. included.



We're dreaming of a wide Christmas

No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan. And at Sears there's never any haggling about the price.



Available with optional traction spikes where state law permits use.

The Sears Superwide. The more you drive it the better it seems to get.

The Superwide Snow Tire Guarantee

Nail punctures repaired at no charge.

If tire with original tread fails from road hazards or defects, we will exchange it for a new one at no charge during first 20 months charging only for tread worn after this period. Charge will be pro-rata share of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

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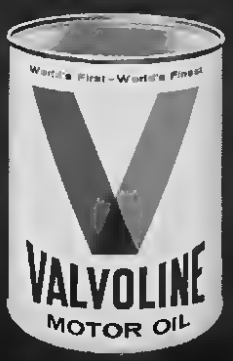
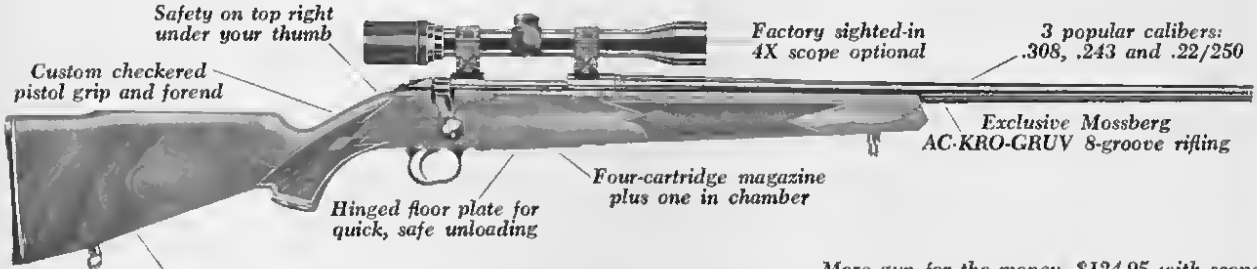


Race proved for your car

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Ashland, Ky. Ashland Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

Robert Stack, famous American Sportsmen and international film star, with antelope shot at 310 yards near Hondo, New Mexico, with Mossberg Super Grade Model 800D

8 reasons why the Mossberg 800 scored with Robert Stack



More gun for the money, $124.95 with scope $99.95 with open sights; Super Grade $169.95

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MORE GUN FOR THE MONEY

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Will Arnold Palmer find a way to put one on his golf cart?

It's Lear Jet's newest stereo eight armrest portable. The Seat Set.

Now, wherever you go, you can have the music you want, for as long as you want it. Uninterrupted.

All you need is a car seat, boat seat, or a plane seat. And a cigarette lighter.

Just slip in any eight-track tape cartridge. There's no butter-fingering around with reels, threading, or rewinding.

And the cartridges you use in this portable will work in our other tape players, too. Our home stereo eight system, our other stereo eight portables, our regular stereo eight car unit, or our tape deck that plugs into your home console.

Lear Jet Stereo eight lets you hear the music you want to hear . . . wherever you want to hear it.

On the land, on the sea, or in the air, take along the new portable stereo eight from Lear Jet.

The Seat Set.

Lear Jet stereo 8

You only hear what you want to hear.

"See your Lear Jet Stereo 8 dealer for my step by step golf instructions on Lear Jet Stereo 8 cartridges —plus a 24-page illustrated book."

Arnold Palmer

SCORECARD

OLD BUSINESS

It is good to hear that on November 18 the Kentucky State Racing Commission will begin hearings—originally scheduled for last July—on the disqualification of Dancer's Image in the Kentucky Derby. By then it will be six months since the Derby was run—plenty of time for the case to have been investigated and concluded.

The owners who are to receive the as-yet-undistributed purse are entitled to a decision, and so are racing fans, who expect the sport to police itself firmly. By November we will be halfway to a new Derby, and the track ought to be clear for it.

FLOATING STRIKE ZONE

In a World Series, with umpires from both leagues calling balls and strikes, it becomes obvious that the strike zone moves. With a National League arbiter behind the plate the zone sinks. The high pitch around the shoulders—such as Denny McLain likes to throw—is a ball and the low pitch around the lower edge of the knees is a strike. When an American League man takes over the zone jumps, and pitchers lose the low strike and pick up the high one.

The variance probably is caused by the differences in umpiring stance. National League umpires working home plate crouch behind the catcher at an angle and peer between his head and the batter's body. From this position it is hard to judge the trajectory of the high pitch. American Leaguers crouch directly behind the catcher and move horizontally and vertically with him. They see the high pitch clearly but often miss the low one because the catcher gets in the way.

Vertically, then, it balances out. But horizontally the American League style seems more effective. Says Houston Manager Harry Walker, "The National League umpires see the outside pitch before it gets to the plate—and they make their decision then. By the time the ball finally gets there it may be two feet outside. The umpire can't see that because he is on the inside. So he calls it a strike and the hitter is in trouble."

He would seem to be in even more trouble with Ed Runge of the American League. Runge, who was behind the plate in the 1967 All-Star Game when 29 batters were fanned, is said to enforce baseball's most expansive strike zone, in all directions. Nevertheless, batters say they like Runge. They know he is going to call nearly everything a strike, so they swing at nearly everything. George Kell, who maintained a .306 lifetime batting average for 15 American League seasons and now telecasts Detroit games, is among those who advocate the Runge approach. "Make the players swing," says Kell. "That will stop all this take, take, take business, speed up the game, get the bat back into the game and bring the people back to the ball park."

Whether it will get the bat back up against the ball is another question.

POINTS

Announcing itself this week is a new corporation, Points, Inc., which proposes to represent and diversify black athletes' and entertainers' interests. The company is backed by two predominantly Negro, New York-based concerns—the law firm of Jones, Jenkins and Warden and a consultant group, The Match Institution. It will welcome white clients, but will clearly specialize in black ones. Its board of directors includes former pro Fullback John Henry Johnson (who will be a full-time executive), the Packers' Willie Wood, the Phillies' Bill White, the Celtics' Sam Jones and Singer James Brown.

Points, Inc. intends to make money by arranging product endorsements and other promotional contracts for Negro athletes, who, much to their resentment, are seldom offered such opportunities. It will also advise its clients on investments and help them negotiate with professional teams—either for bonuses, in the case of graduating collegians, or for raises, in the case of established pros. It also sees itself, according to a spokesman, as an arbitrator of campus racial problems involving athletics, and as a supporter of Negroes protesting discriminatory policies on the part of coaches, management or other players. In short, it intends to get black performers into the action off the field as well as on—and also to put pressure behind those it thinks are being short-changed.

The Points, Inc. prospectus says, "Afro-Americans now constitute 17% of major-league baseball players, 28% of pro football players, 54% of pro basketball players, a significant number of college athletes and over 90% of rhythm and blues performers."

ALIENATED BEARS

A 370-pound black bear that recently wandered into Cloudcroft, N. Mex. and was nabbed in the act of knocking over

some garbage cans didn't want to go to Mexico. It had to be hustled into a cage in the back of a van, rushed to the border and then—to get it back out of the van—squirted with a hose for nearly an hour while its cage was pounded with a stick. You could almost hear it growling: "I am an American citizen!"

But finally, at the U.S. Border Patrol station opposite Ciudad Juárez, the bear grudgingly suffered transferral into the waiting Mexican truck, and soon was hauled down to the Sierra Madre country west of Chihuahua city and released, an abruptly naturalized Mexican bear.

The Cloudcroft bear was one of six

continued

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that New Mexico will deport this fall and winter to form a cadre which, it is hoped, will in time end the current bear shortage in what had been prime ursine country.

New Mexico sees it as a goodwill gesture toward old Mexico. None of the goodwill, so far, has been on the part of the bears. They haven't been consulted, and there is no American B'ar Association to defend their rights.

HIGHER LAW

Spiro T. Agnew journeyed 4,000 miles last weekend to Anchorage, Alaska, where he spoke to fewer than 2,000 people in a high school gymnasium; and then he turned around and went back. He told his audience he couldn't stay over Sunday for an Eskimo tribal-council session because "the law requires me to be in Maryland tomorrow."

When Maryland newsmen in the caravan failed to recall such a requirement, an Agnew aide suggested it "might be the law of the Colts." The Baltimore Colts, of whom Governor Agnew is an avid fan, played the Chicago Bears in Baltimore Sunday.

WIDOW'S WARNING

Nora Luff of Lancashire, England has announced that from now on whenever her links-loving husband, Bill, decides to stay home from the golf course she will hang a 10-foot pole out the bedroom window and run up the Union Jack.

"It's not that I object to being a golf widow," she explained. "I'm sick of answering the door to his golfing friends when he's not in." Said Bill, "My wife has been threatening me with this for a long time. Until now she has never had a flag big enough or a pole long enough."

FUNGO POWER

Who says there was no hitting in baseball this year? Joe Hoerner hit the Astrodome roof several times. The Cardinals' Hoerner, besides being a hero in the third game of last week's World Series and one of the few men to have three outstanding years in a row as a relief pitcher, is a very strong Iowa boy. He is capable of tossing up a baseball and hitting it great distances with a fungo bat—and since he broke into the major leagues with the Astros, he felt called upon to send a batted ball where none had ever been.

In the early days of the Astrodome, Houston officials, sensitive to insinuations that the covered stadium meant the end of the tall can of corn, averred that the roof was beyond human reach. Hoerner insists that he was told to lay off taking shots at it, lest the organization be embarrassed. The Astros deny this. "In fact," says Vice-President Bill Giles, "we encourage players to try to hit the roof. We had a contest here one night between Mike Cuellar and Ted Abernathy. Neither of them reached it."

At any rate, when Hoerner moved to the Cardinals in 1966 he launched his own Houston space program. He says he hit the roof at least once each visit—and during the Cardinals' last Houston

continued

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CHICAGO PLAYBOY CLUB

Why 100 Pipers?

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And some even hear the wedding march from Lohengrin.

Seagram wouldn't settle for less.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

trip this year he reached it four times one day and five times the next. Most of his pregame shots have hit the sloping area between home plate and the pitcher's mound, about 175 feet up, but some of them have attained the dome's 208-foot zenith. Two of his fungoed missiles, moreover, have lodged in the gondola, the round photographer's perch suspended from the peak. People are wondering what would happen if one or both should tumble out some night, putting more than one ball in play.

NEW SHIRT

Georgia wore it against Tennessee, Notre Dame wore it against Oklahoma and some 200 high school, 100 college and several professional teams will wear it some time this football season—the new nylon-mesh game jersey. Champion Products, Inc., manufacturer of the item, says it will cut down on fatigue, injuries and death on the playing field by enabling players to keep their cool—or rather lose their heat—before the weather begins to keep it for them.

The perforations in the material enable body heat to escape, reducing the likelihood of heat prostration, which causes a large proportion of football deaths—and which has often been invited, rather than prevented, by well-meaning coaches who pushed salt tablets and cut down on water consumption. Teams have been using very open net jerseys in practice for this reason for several years, but this is the first mesh jersey that will hold a number and won't come apart easily.

The perforations and the fact that the material doesn't absorb water also reduce the jersey's weight. Right after SMU wore the shirt experimentally while beating Texas A&M on television last year, Coach Hayden Fry weighed all the sweaty nylon jerseys and found them only half as heavy as the same number of dry cotton ones.

No wonder that little SMU quarterback looked so slight.

THE EUROPE JELIC

When Petar Jelic appeared at the Philadelphia 76ers' training camp in Margate, N.J., Coach Jack Ramsay was dismayed. According to a scouting report that had reached Ramsay during the off season, Jelic, of the University of Zagreb in Yugoslavia, stood 6′ 8″, was adept at blocking shots and had a jump

continued

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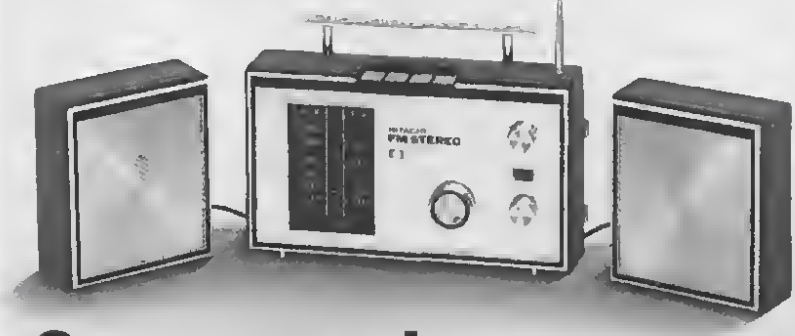

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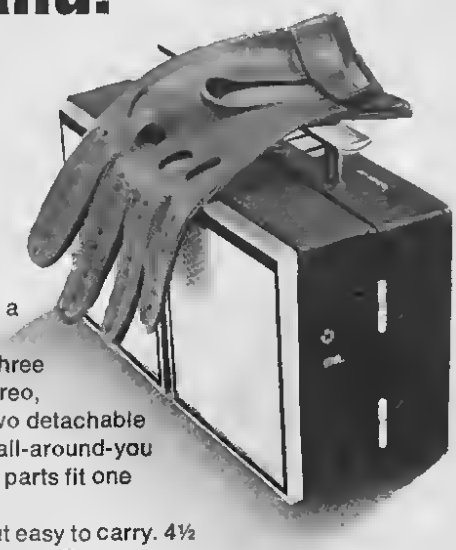

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GM Cornering Lights also turn dark corners politely into light ones. They show up any obstacles that might be in the way, making your driving easier all the way around.

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Polite lights

Guide Division

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shot like a guard's. He did have such a jump shot, it turned out, but that was because he *was* a guard—a 6′ 1″ guard. The Yugoslavian scout apparently had confused two different players.

Jelic said, "I am not ill in the head. I know what is basket. Before I go I asked manager, 'Why you want Yugoslav player? You must know the basket in the United States is the best in the world. In United States they have many, many boys better than I and my friends.' He answered, 'If you want to try, I shall pay ticket for you.' I answered, 'O.K.' "

After watching Jelic for two days in camp, Ramsay released him to Zagreb. Jelic was not disgruntled. "All the players is very good friends to me," he said. "I am feeling wonderful. In game everybody take me courage. 'Good shot,' 'Good play.' I am pride.

"This Philadelphia basket," he added before departing, "is very, very good. But without Chamberlain, maybe in professional will not be in first position. Wilt is Wilt, the only one in the world." Back in Zagreb, said Jelic, there *is* a 6′ 8″ center named Kresimir Cosic, perhaps the super Slav of the scout's report. "He have another name," says Jelic —"the Europe Russell."

THAT'S P.R.?

Dean Billick, sports publicity man for the University of Pittsburgh, recently accused Pitt sophomore Quarterback Dave Havern of being so slow that he, Billick, 26, a former high school trackman now out of shape, could beat him in a 440. They raced in their street clothes, and the publicity man won by 20 yards. And he didn't cover it up.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Marsh, light heavyweight of Las Vegas, after being knocked out in Kansas City, Kans. by local fighter Ron Marsh, on why he has won only four of 15 fights this year. "Mostly I've been fighting in everybody's home town."
- Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, on why he likes punts that travel only 35 yards: "Any punt over 40 yards, look out. Those are the ones that fans cheer—and the kind your opponent runs back down your throat."
- Harry Caray, World Series telecast announcer, describing the sound of the crowd as Bob Gibson neared his record 17 strikeouts: "The groan is audible. It can also be heard." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 14, 1968

THE TIGERS SEE TOO MUCH RED

Detroit went back to St. Louis wondering where the next starting pitcher was coming from. But the real problem was all of those bright Cardinal uniforms, intimidating the team wherever it turned. Bob Gibson simply froze the Tigers. It was the infuriating Lou Brock who stung them into making a last-ditch stand

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

GAME 1

On the entrance ramps to Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis last Wednesday afternoon Dixieland bands were playing *Tiger Rag* and *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis*. Nearly half of the sellout crowd of 54,692 seemed to be wearing straw hats with either cotton tigers or cardinals stapled to them, and 20 minutes before game time a small boy seated deep in the right-field stands between two Cardinal fans raised a proud flag that spelled out "Detroit Is Tiger Country" on one side and "St. Louis Is for the Birds" on the other. The eagerly awaited confrontation between Denny McLain of the Tigers and Bob Gibson of the Cardinals in the opening game of the 1968 Series was at hand.

Even as they made their way to the warmup mounds behind the foul lines in left and right field, people applauded the pitchers. Gibson walked slowly, looking straight ahead. As McLain moved he kept adjusting the cap on his head. In his warmup McLain was wild and having trouble keeping the ball down. Gibson looked smooth, but when he worked in the top of the first inning he threw 17 pitches. One wondered. Then the strikeouts came piling one on another. Ultimately, Gibson set a Series record by striking out 17 Tigers on his way to a 4–0 shutout. He not only had McLain's number; the entire Detroit team was frustrated and embarrassed.

The Cardinals had gone into the game feeling that they might win a slight advantage by staying away from McLain's high pitches, which American League umpires had given him during the season. National League umpires like to see the ball a little lower, and the umpire this day was Tom Gorman, a National Leaguer for 17 years. Even so, in the early innings St. Louis seemed anxious to swing at McLain's high strikes. Then, in the fourth, Roger Maris walked on four pitches. Orlando Cepeda fouled out, but Tim McCarver also walked on four pitches and suddenly McLain was in trouble. Mike Shannon followed McCarver's walk with a line-drive single that Leftfielder Willie Horton tried to scoop up on the run and bobbled. The throw then went to third rather than second, allowing McCarver to advance to third and Shannon to second as Maris scored easily. Julian Javier came to bat, and in early October Julian Javier is alive. He singled to right, scoring two runs, then promptly stole second to get himself into position for another, although it never came.

Javier's steal was only one of three against the Tigers. On the first by Lou Brock, Catcher Bill Freehan's throw was so bad that it bounced on the grass part of the infield. Although none of the three stolen bases ended up making any difference in the final score, Game One proved that Freehan's arm was poorer than the Tigers had let on and that the

continued

The Cardinals' Bob Gibson, hot and happy after striking out a record 17 batters in the first game, fanned 10 more in Game Four and won 10–1.

Tiger pitchers had trouble holding runners close to the bases. St. Louis' final run came when Brock hit a hard line drive into the seats in right field for only his third homer since June 28.

Gibson's performance was magnificent, considering the muggy day in St. Louis and the fact that he had to use 144 pitches. Remarkably, he was strong at the end. He took care of Al Kaline, Norm Cash, Jim Northrup, Horton and Freehan 12 times, and when he got Horton to end the game the crowd stood and roared its approval, almost as much at the excellence he had somehow sustained through the season as at the new record. There must be something about Gibson's habits that differs from those of mere mortal pitchers.

Q. What did you eat for breakfast?

A. I didn't want to eat. I drove to the park and had coffee and doughnuts. During the game I ate a few candy bars.

Q. Did you get extra sleep?

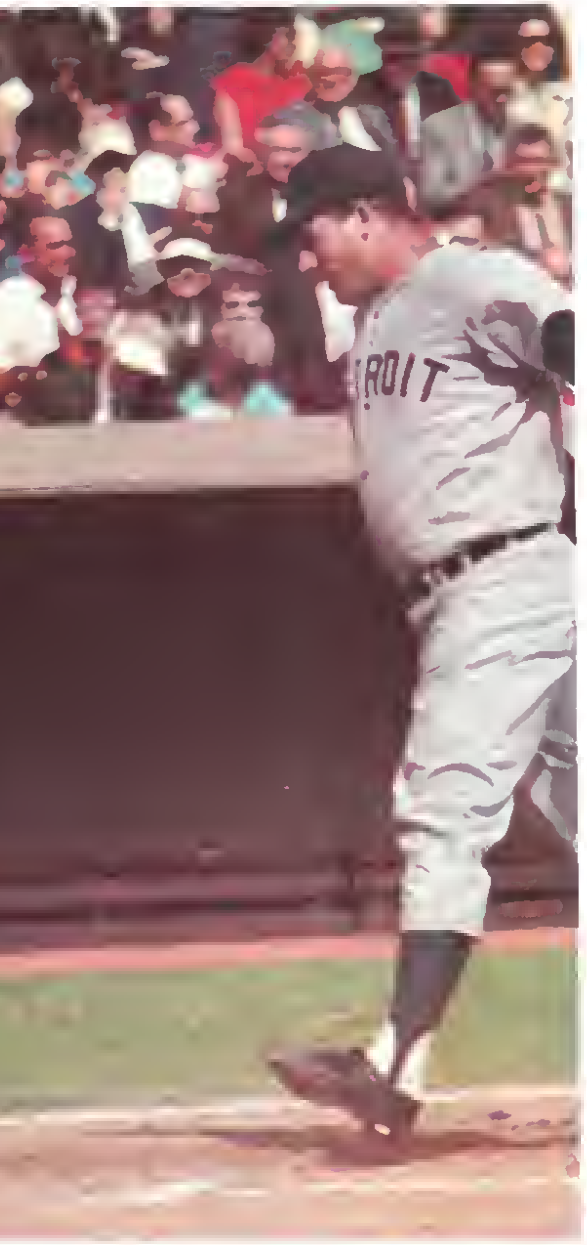
A. No. I woke up seven or eight times during the night.

Q. What time did you go to bed?

A. About midnight. My 11-year-old daughter came in from Omaha to see the game and we talked.

Q. Was she excited about the game, interested in it?

A. She seemed mostly interested in her dress.



Thursdey's terror, Tiger Pitcher Mickey Lolich, homered off Cerds, then handcuffed them.

GAME 2

As Albert William Kaline, for 16 years a great and injury-prone player for the Detroit Tigers, reached the dugout before taking batting practice for the first game of the Series, he looked out at the red, white and blue bunting and the schools of newsmen darting around the batting cage. Long ago Kaline, now 33, had promised himself that he would never go to a World Series game until he played in one. He sat on the dugout bench and again and again adjusted the stirrups on his socks and the flaps on his spiked shoes that identify him in black ink not by name but simply by the number "Six."

Whenever some Tiger players talked of him they would say, "Six had a real good night," or, "You should have seen the play Six made in Fenway." (In the opening game of the Series Kaline doubled in four tries against Bob Gibson but freely admitted that on his first time at bat he was extremely nervous. Even during batting practice before that game the Tigers were overswinging. They knocked very few balls into home-run areas in Busch Stadium.) Kaline had been the reason why Tiger Manager Mayo Smith made the "great experiment" of moving Mickey Stanley, a fine centerfielder, to shortstop, though Stanley had played only six games at the position. By hitting hard and often late in the season after earlier injuries Kaline had forced his way back into the lineup, and somehow a Tiger team in a World Series without Kaline would be no Tiger team at all. Realistically, though, the decision was based to a great extent on sentiment.

After the first game Kaline and his longtime friend Norm Cash concluded that the Tigers were swinging too hard and that the Detroit team had enough power to generate home runs merely by swinging naturally. Prior to the start of Game Two they moved among the players, telling them to swing as they had during the regular season and to forget try-

It was a bad day all around for the Birds; even sure-handed Curt Flood dropped a fly.

ing to hit everything over St. Louis' Gateway Arch.

With Gibson's excellent performance behind them and some ragged play by the Tigers still in their minds, the Cardinals started off as though they intended to end the Series in four straight. But with two on and one out in the first inning, Orlando Cepeda hit a high foul toward the seats deep in right field. Everyone assumed that it would drop among the customers. Not Six, however. He was off when he saw the ball come away from Cepeda's bat and he kept racing on recklessly, heading right at a wire gate in foul territory. At the last instant he caught the ball, plunged through the gate, which for some reason had been left unlocked, then spun and threw to third. Julian Javier, rightfully respecting Kaline's arm, stayed put at second. The next batter, Mike Shannon, hit the ball to right field. Kaline made a difficult catch look easy and the Tigers were out of a rough spot. The next inning Willie Horton hit a tremendous home run off St. Louis starter Nelson Briles. How often it is in baseball that an outstanding defensive play seems to perk up the offense.

Mickey Lolich, Detroit's left-handed starter who has a dandy little potbelly and a tremendous late-season record over the last two years, felt he would not be able to start the game because of a boil that had had to be lanced. "I was groggy," he said, "but once I began to warm up I felt a little better." In the third inning Lolich homered high and long to left field and got so excited watching the flight of his first home run in 10 years of professional ball that he missed first base and had to back up. ("I still won't believe that he hit a home run," said Denny McLain, "until I see the rerun.") Cash later homered for the third Tiger run, and then the Cardinals began to play like the lost battalion. The final score was 8–1, and Kaline had two hits and scored twice. After he had killed the first Cardinal rally St. Louis only once again got two men on base in the same inning. When they did, Stanley started a fine double play to take care of that.

On the way back into the Tiger dugout Six was slapping Stanley on the back. "Now we go back to Detroit," said Kaline, "and after all these years without a World Series it should be something to see." It certainly was.

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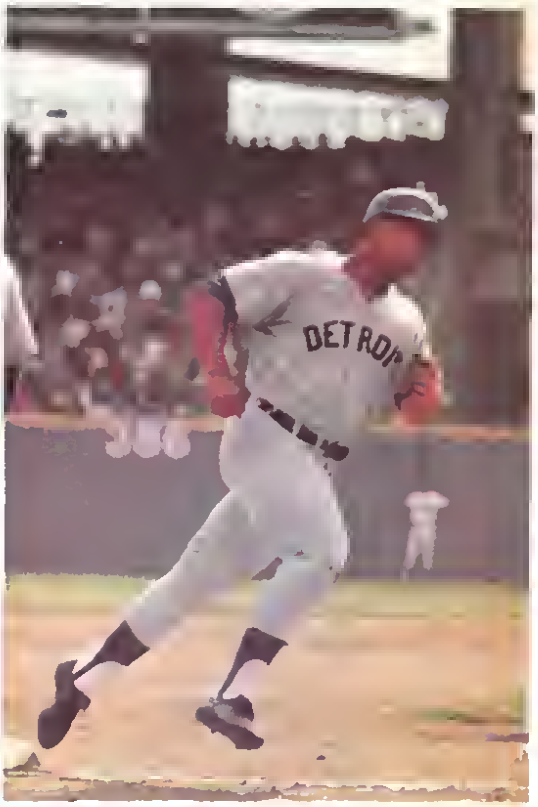
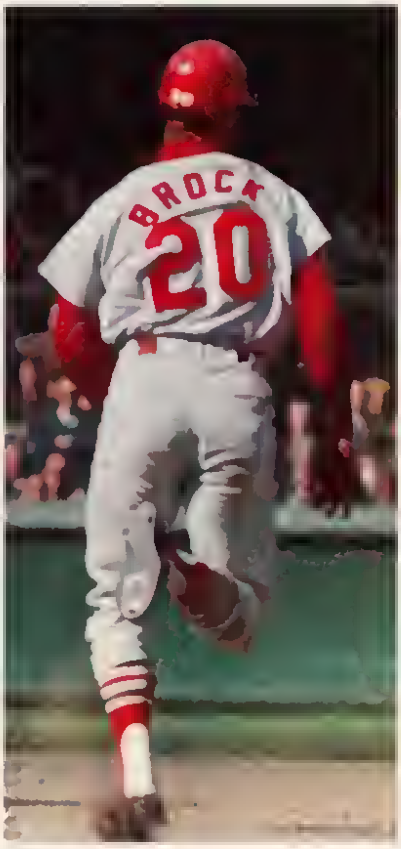
Norm Cash's sixth-inning home run was long.

Willie Horton's in second was even longer.





Lou Brock, running the Tigers ragged in the third game, was safe under Fraehan's high throw.

GAME 3

The city of Detroit was alive with anticipation of its first World Series game in 23 years, and civic pride burst forth in many directions. Washington Boulevard was renamed Tiger Drive and orange stripes ran down the center of it. There were banners and flags of every description, including one notable bumper sticker on a University of Michigan student's Mustang that said "George Wallace is Rosemary's Baby." But amid all the fun and flair and color there was an angry man—Mickey Lolich. During the workout on the day before Game Three the pitching and semi-hitting hero of the second game in St. Louis had some unkind things to say about Lou Brock, who had been stealing bases when his team was far behind. Lolich said he considered Brock's thefts a form of hot-dog baseball.

"It was definitely for his own self-glory," said Lolich. "He wants to set a record for stolen bases or something. If it was Early Wynn or someone like that, the next time Brock came up he'd be on his back on the first pitch."

Unknown to the Tigers was the fact that before the Series started, Brock had studied movies of the Detroit pitching staff's moves to first base and felt he had each of them down pat. When asked about Lolich's statement, Brock offered a slight smile and said, "I've been in the dirt before . . . and if he says it's for my self-glory, I'll do it anyway."

In this game he did. Brock opened the game with a tainted walk. The fourth ball was called because Tiger Pitcher Earl Wilson was caught wetting his fingers, and in a Series already poorly handled by the umpires the call seemed ludicrous. Brock promptly stole second—the first of three steals for him—and after Curt Flood walked it looked like the Cardinals would erupt for a big inning. The rally stopped abruptly, however, when Brock was caught standing up as he went to third base on a play that aborted as Roger Maris was called out on strikes.

Ray Washburn, the Cardinal starting pitcher, was having almost as much trouble as Wilson. His breaking pitches were not getting over, and in the third inning he gave up a single to Dick McAuliffe and a homer to Al Kaline, bringing a rousing response from the stands. Until the fifth inning it seemed that Kaline was destined to be the game's hero. But in the fifth Tim McCarver, one of the St. Louis sleeping giants of 1968, came to life. In the seventh so did Orlando Cepeda. Kaline was back in the chorus carrying a spear.

The Cardinals' attack is this: their first three hitters—Brock, Flood, Roger Maris or sometimes Julian Javier—are meant to set the table and McCarver

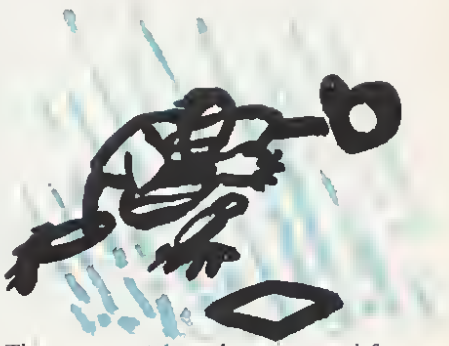
and Cepeda are supposed to carve the turkey. All season long the table setters had been models of efficiency, but the would-be carvers were more like turkeys. Now, in the fifth inning, Brock once again started a rally by getting a single and stealing second. Flood drove him home with a double, and after Maris walked McCarver hit his homer into the top deck in right field to make the score 4–2. In the seventh inning Flood singled and went to third when Roger Maris, trying to check his swing on an inside pitch, inadvertently blooped the ball into left field for a double. This brought Cepeda to the plate, and in the last two World Series watching Orlando Cepeda at bat has been about as exciting as watching the shadows lengthen in Tiger Stadium. This time he hit a line-drive homer that chilled for good the hopes of all of Detroit on this increasingly cool afternoon. Cepeda gleefully landed on home plate with both feet after a big jump. "I heet the ball good in batting practice," Cepeda said, "and when I go up to the plate I say to Timmy [McCarver], 'I going to heet it out.' As I go around the bases I am happy for my brother, my mother, my team and for everybody in Puerto Rico." At the end of the third game one amazing statistic stood out: the first three hitters in the Cardinal lineup had been on base 21 times in 39 at bats.

Joe Hoerner came in for Washburn in the sixth inning and got the Cardinals out of a jam, giving up only a single and a walk to the next 13 batters he faced. Hoerner, a 31-year-old relief man, had appeared in three Series games before this one and had been bad in each. Back in 1958 he had a heart attack. Because one of the muscles around his heart was weak, he was told he could never pitch overhand again. In consequence, Hoerner developed his curious style of throwing somewhere between sidearmed and underhanded. "It's about time," said Hoerner, "that I did something in a Series besides hit fungoes and give up a lot of runs."

Much of the joy seemed to go out of the city of Detroit after the third game, but the next day Denny McLain would be meeting Bob Gibson again.

Orlando Cepeda, one of the Cards' sleeping giants, came to life and homered in Game Three.

GAME 4



This one must have been invented for people who had never been to the Twilight Zone. All morning menacing clouds hung over Tiger Stadium, and more than an hour before gametime heavy rains started, keeping some people pent up in their automobiles in the $8 parking lots nearby while others hung papers over their heads, lifted umbrellas and marched into the 57-year-old ball park to gather in restless clumps under the stands. Tiger fans realized that, with their team down two games to one, Denny McLain would have to be at his very best because the man he was facing, Bob Gibson, is the finest pressure pitcher in baseball today. But the second Gibson-McLain duel turned out to be another mismatch.

McLain had a sore arm, something suspected for several weeks, and as soon as the game began the Cardinals jumped all over him. Lou Brock may not be The Man for All Seasons, nor even for one full season, but he is certainly the man for autumn. Brock drove McLain's second pitch into the upper deck in right-center field, some 465 feet away, and the St. Louis bench decided that Denny was Silly Putty.

Then McLain himself failed to hold a throw at first base on a tough-hop bouncer by Roger Maris, who went on to score on successive singles by Tim McCarver and Mike Shannon. Two runs for Bob Gibson seem like six for almost anybody else. Through most of this year the Cardinals had not scored for him, a fact that bothered them almost as much as it did him. Although he won 22 games and lost only nine, during those nine losses his team scored a mere 12 runs. Once, needling the Cardinals, he said, "I might just as well go out there alone, because you guys make me feel that way anyway."

continued

17

But now St Louis got Gibson two more runs in the top of the third when Curt Flood singled, McCarver hit a ball into the gap in left center and Willie Horton, the Tiger leftfielder, played it off the wall like a bear handling a ginger snap. Shannon doubled, and everything was over except for the business of the rain. It was still driving straight down, and Tiger fans in the centerfield bleachers, hoping for a postponement, began to chant, "Rain, rain, rain." The umpires, confirmed by baseball Commissioner William Eckert, halted the game with the Cardinals still threatening. The tarp went down over the infield, and everybody settled down to wait. The Tigers, equipped with a weather forecast predicting that a heavy rainstorm was on its way, hoped the wait would be till Monday. The Cardinals, with Gibson in front 4–0, were looking for a legal (five-inning) conclusion. After a holdup of one hour and 14 minutes, the teams came back on the field and prepared to resume play.

During the delay McLain asked not to pitch again—he could not raise his arm above his head. Gibson, who had not looked at all like himself during the first two innings, walked down to the bullpen to warm up for a second time. He threw only a few pitches, most of them of the sort a 40-year-old man would throw to his son. Then, knowing that within three minutes he had to be in the on-deck circle as a hitter, he said to John Edwards, the catcher warming him up: "John, here they come." Edwards said later: "He threw five pitches and all of them were fastballs. They burned the hell out of my hand."

In the fourth inning St. Louis got two more runs, including a homer by Gibson. Now the St. Louis dugout wanted outs in a hurry before the game was washed away. But Orlando Cepeda was walked. The angry Cardinals signaled him to try—but not very hard—to steal second. He was caught, and St. Louis was out of the inning.

Detroit struggled in its half of the fourth to stay the execution. Horton spent five minutes at the plate, backing out, backing in, finding mud in his spikes, visiting the dugout, losing the tar rag. Gibson struck him out.

Beaten by a sore arm and Card bats, McLain stood dejectedly in gloom of Tiger Stadium.

If Detroit Manager Mayo Smith was using every legal device to slow down the game (and correctly so), Manager Red Schoendienst (with as much justice) was using every imaginable stratagem to speed it up. But once the Tigers were out in the fifth inning the intent switched—for 150 Cardinal fans seated behind the first-base dugout it was their turn to holler, "Rain, rain, rain." The rain came and went, but the game went on. The final score was 10–1, and Brock, Gibson and a tremendous Cardinal hitting attack, plus four counted Tiger errors, had put Detroit in a desperate position.

GAME 5

DRAWINGS BY BILL CHARMATZ

After four basically lopsided games the Tigers and Cardinals finally played one that had the kind of hitting, fielding and excitement everyone had expected before this Series began. The city of Detroit had seemed embarrassed by the play of the Tigers in their home park; it had a right to be. In this game, though, Detroit flashed the come-from-behind magic that had landed the team in the Series originally. By winning 5–3 it forced the action back to St. Louis.

Five minutes into the first inning it looked dreadfully possible that the only place the Tigers were going was home. St. Louis scored three times off Pitcher Mickey Lolich as Lou Brock started things in his usual spectacular fashion by doubling to left and scoring on a single by Curt Flood. Orlando Cepeda followed with a home run. With certain annihilation staring them in the face, Detroit's depressed followers fell silent, but in the fourth inning they came to life when Mickey Stanley's leadoff triple landed a millimeter fair inside the right-field line and Norm Cash scored him with a sacrifice fly. Willie Horton then hit a tremendous triple deep to center field and Jim Northrup followed with a hard grounder that skipped off a stone and over Infielder Julian Javier's head. The Tigers were only one run down.

Elation in the stands subsided in the fifth when Brock, who through the first five games was hitting an alltime Series high of .524, again doubled. Javier singled to left and Brock took off for home and a sure run. But Horton moved in on the ball and let fly a looping throw from left field. It was true but high. Brock, failing to slide, missed touching home plate by the width of Freehan's strong right arm—placed strategically in his way—and Detroit had one of the biggest outs of the Series.

Although he was enjoying his first good day behind the plate, Freehan was still looking for his first hit as he came to bat in the sixth with the bases loaded. But again he was frustrated when he bounced into an inning-ending forceout. The late-inning Tiger rush would not come. Was it too early? It was.

In the seventh, when it did come, it happened in the strangest way—with a one-out bloop hit by Lolich, who in this Series suddenly found a batting eye. Pitcher Joe Hoerner, who had stopped the Tigers so successfully in the third game, was summoned to relieve starter Nelson Briles. The Tigers tore Hoerner apart. Dick McAuliffe singled sharply past first and Mickey Stanley walked. The scene was set for Al Kaline. The big crowd stood when he entered the batter's box. "I was looking for a fastball," said Kaline, "because that's the way Hoerner pitched me before." Kaline got his fastball and hit it into short center field to bring home the tying and eventual winning runs. Cash's second hit brought home the fifth run.

The crowd stood again as Kaline took his place in right field at the end of the inning. He tipped his cap. "Somehow," said Kaline, "I enjoy hitting with men on base. I just don't seem to get the same incentive when they're not there. When I saw all those people standing I got goose bumps. It's hard to describe the way you feel. You try to pay them back because they've been good fans and I wanted so much to have them see us win one game here after the way they had treated us all season."

The Tigers went back to St. Louis with their pride still intact and their hopes high. **END**

WINNING WITH A LOSER'S LOOK

The record books will say that the New York Jets beat the San Diego Chargers at Shea Stadium last week, but they won't mention that the Jets got a lot of help from San Diego and even more from the referee **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

For a while last Saturday night it looked as if Joe Namath, the New York Jets' snuff-dipping quarterback, had decided the forward pass was no longer worth the risk. A week earlier Namath had thrown seven touchdown passes—four for his side, three for the other—and now, as Namath kept calling one running play after another against the San Diego Chargers, an AFL record crowd of 63,786 began to fidget and a few growls began rising from the seats at Shea Stadium, as if the fans feared that Namath was going to purge himself by renouncing the pass altogether.

What the crowd was not aware of was the scene in the locker room minutes before the Jets were sent onto the field. Here were the players—hunkered onto metal folding chairs, tugging at strips of tape, cleats scraping the floor, leather creaking—listening nervously as their coach, Weeb Ewbank, finished his pregame speech.

"Joe," Ewbank said, looking at Namath, "I'd like to go out on that first series of plays and cram the ball down their throats." Matt Snell, the fullback, glanced at Running Back Emerson Boozer with some wonderment. "That's the first inkling we had that we were going to run the ball so much," Snell said later. "We were very surprised. Maybe Joe and Weeb had talked about it before but it sure surprised Booz and me."

This was a game that the Jets needed very much to win if they were to stay out front in the Eastern Division with even reasonable safety. After blowing one to Buffalo on Namath's interceptions, the Jets could feel the angst creeping up on them. Worse, the Chargers were unbeaten and had not allowed a touchdown pass all season.

So Ewbank chose the Jets' first home appearance of the year to play the sort of football that some call manly, some call conservative and nearly all admit is dull—bang, bang, sweep, draw, plunge ahead and get the punter ready. For nearly 12 minutes it went that way. Through their first two series and into the third it was Snell and Boozer carrying 11 straight times. Once on third and 11, a certain passing situation, again it was Snell running a draw while the Jets' two fine wide receivers—Don Maynard and George Sauer—raced about in the Chargers' secondary and waved their arms to keep warm.

"Oh, that's the life," said Snell. "I enjoy the game the more I get to run with the ball. In the huddle Joe would say, 'We're going to run. It's up to you linemen. If you want to win, you'll have to drive them out.' Then we ran."

"We were cautious at the beginning," Ewbank said. "After a game like the one we lost to Buffalo, you just don't throw everything away. We wanted to stay away from that big error. San Diego is explosive and can take advantage of any error you make."

The Chargers showed no such reluctance to pass. John Hadl, their quarterback, began the game as the AFL's leading passer and he threw the first time he got his hands on the ball. The trouble was, Hadl was somewhat off form. An interception set up the Jets with a field goal and a quick edge. Hadl followed with a touchdown pass to Lance Alworth, but another interception presented Jim Turner with his third field goal and the Jets with a 9–7 lead at the half.

The Chargers had to continue throwing the ball because they certainly could not go anyplace running with it. Their fullback, Brad Hubbert, a strong blocker as well as runner, is out for the season with a knee injury. Their two tight ends—Jacque MacKinnon and Willie Frazier—are both hurt. MacKinnon tried simply standing out there but he was unable to block for the sweeps that had put the fast little running back, Dick Post, among the league's top gainers. Charger Coach Sid Gillman replaced MacKinnon with a rookie flanker named Ken Dyer who weighs 185 and had never in his craziest moments considered playing tight end. The effect on the San Diego running game was disastrous. On 20 rushes the Chargers gained 28 yards, seven of which Post picked up on eight carries.

With Alworth working mostly against the Jets' Johnny Sample, Hadl began watching for Gary Garrison and hit him with two touchdown passes, one for 84 yards and both at the expense of New York's right cornerback, Randy Beverly. The second touchdown came after the Jets, on third and 25 from their own eight, had run still another draw, with Snell gaining two yards. That one set the crowd into a pother and gave Speedy Duncan the opportunity to make a brilliant 37-yard punt return. Hadl's five-yard pass to Garrison put San Diego into a 20–16 lead with less than six minutes to go.

By then Namath's true self had be-

As Emerson Boozer sprawls across with the

gun to emerge. He became famous and wealthy by throwing passes, not by handing the ball to running backs. Of the next 12 plays by the Jets, nine were passes. Because of an injury to Pete Lammons the Jets were also without a tight end, using Punter Curley Johnson and Reserve Fullback Mark Smolinski at the position. Smolinski caught two passes in the last drive. But the most important pass Namath threw was one that nobody caught.

On third and 10 from the San Diego 40 Namath hurled the ball in the direction of Maynard, who was well covered. The ball bounced off the ground and Namath did likewise under the charge of Defensive End Steve DeLong. Namath was sprawled out with DeLong lying nearby, hearing the voices of the crowd telling him that the pass was no good and that the Jets might have to try for a field goal that would leave them one point behind. But an official who was standing over the pair reached into his pocket, dropped his handkerchief, pointed at DeLong and yelled, "You hit him too late!"

"I couldn't believe it," said DeLong. "The play before, Houston Ridge [the other defensive end] had got Namath a good shot, nothing dirty, you understand, but a good shot. So then I came in and Namath's arm was still in motion while I had a full head of steam, and I couldn't avoid hitting him. I don't think it was late and I didn't do anything special to him. The Jets hold more than any club we've played. On one play Winston Hill tackled me. But I didn't try to do anything to Namath for that."

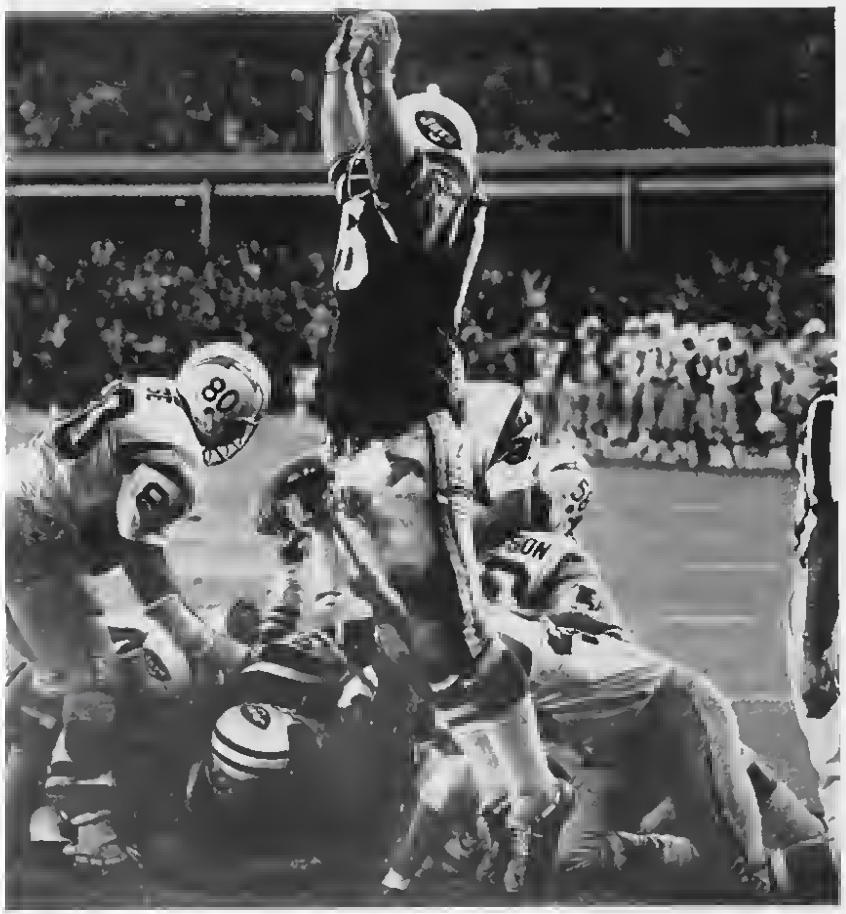
Namath agreed that DeLong's intention was honorable. "He just ran into me. He was coming so fast he couldn't stop," Namath said. However, the penalty gave the Jets a first down on the San Diego 25. A pass to Smolinski moved the ball to the six, Boozer ran to the three and, two plays later, to the one. On fourth down Lammons came in at tight end. "He's our best blocker, and the doctor said he could go straight ahead," Ewbank said. Namath called 35 Power. Boozer smashed into the left side of the line, was flung into the air and fell over the goal line as the arms of both officials and Jets players went skyward. "I didn't have too much to spare," Boozer said, tapping himself on the chest. "I got just about this much in there."

With 1:43 left after the touchdown, the Chargers managed to make it interesting. Alworth moved to the left side where Beverly, a desperate man, began cut-blocking him and even tripping. But Hadl's passes to Garrison and Dyer brought San Diego from its own eight to the New York 37. Forty-five seconds remained. Hadl called a pass that sent Alworth downfield and turning on a comeback, with Garrison crossing and Dyer sprinting to the flag. Dyer had just made a nice catch for 22 yards but this time he appeared to lose the ball and wander confusedly, looking at the sky. A couple of yards behind him the ball fell into the grasp of Johnny Sample, and the Jets had won 23–20.

"That was a stupid thing for me to do," Hadl said. "We've got a rookie kid in there, and I go to him in the clutch. I never should have done it. He's a good receiver, but I should have gone to one of the older heads."

It couldn't have been Alworth. He was busy getting tripped on the other side of the field. Despite all the attention Alworth drew, he caught eight passes for 137 yards—the 33rd time in his career that he has gained more than 100 yards—and demonstrated that he is still at least as dangerous as any receiver in the game.

Sauer, who had been leading the AFL in receiving, was held to four catches for 58 yards even though San Diego lost its free safety, Richard Farley, who was hit so hard in the first half that he was an amnesiac after the game. But the Jets had done much of their work on the ground, using more running plays than passes. "We had to keep cracking all night long," said Boozer. And Namath had thrown no interceptions whatsoever, a pleasing turn of events for New York's vastly improved defensive unit. At this stage of the season last year the Jets were a game ahead of Houston but wound up second. They remember that all too well. **END**



winning touchdown, Guard Randy Rasmussen lifts grateful hands to heaven—as well he should.

A poster held by rebellious student in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas assails government's tough tactics by depicting Mexico as a land of horror.

GRIM COUNTDOWN TO THE GAMES

Mexico City was vibrant with warmth and color for arriving Olympic athletes, but behind the extraordinary pageantry there was alarm that tragic battles between students and troops might disrupt the Games **by BOB OTTUM**

For five years Mexico had rejoiced in the knowledge that it would be host to the 1968 Olympics, but last week, with the Games at hand, the country must have felt dubious about the quality of the prize. Here was Mexico City all prettied up, all painted, all swept and set for this big show that has cost the country $150 million so far. There were Olympic-theme posters—a white dove of peace on a blue background—all around town. There were billboards everywhere saying that "Anything Is Possible With Peace." But just when all seemed perfect, just when the only thing left was for that pretty young girl to run the torch into the stadium, the whole structure began to teeter back and forth and make ominous noises.

Apparently there was to be no going back—although in one tight period last week that prospect was carefully considered. But one cannot hang an out-to-lunch sign on an Olympiad, nor can one call the Games on account of tension. Instead one must, as Mexico is doing, hold on for dear life, perhaps pray to an ancient Aztec god or two, and make a run for it.

It will be a wild race despite the official calm of Avery Brundage. After an emergency session of the International Olympic Committee, President Brundage announced, "We have consulted with the Mexican authorities, who have assured us that there will be no interference upon the entry of the Olympic flame into the stadium on October 12, nor in any of the events until the clos-

ing of the Games." With unintended irony he called the Games "a true oasis in this troubled world" and added, "Mexico City is a huge metropolis of more than six million people and none of the demonstrations or violence here has at any time been directed against the Olympic Games."

What Brundage was talking about, of course, was the fact that thousands of Mexican students—with that keen sense of timing of the young—were in a revolt against the government, putting up a backdrop of violence. A demonstration had erupted into terrible fighting and President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz was moving to hold off any further struggles until after the Games. Tensions were going higher on all sides, with the Olympic Village as a sort of island of calm in the middle. And, more than anything else, the scene began to shape up as the Generation Gap Olympics.

For all its schizophrenic air, Mexico has whipped up the most improbably beautiful setting of any Olympics, the sort of thing that will leave its artistic stamp on the world, no matter what else might happen. The city comes on in a burst of color, with flowers and flags and bright new statuary spotted along the boulevards leading to the venues. Pretty señoritas wearing official dresses that spell Mexico—if you look closely enough—are on hand to greet visitors. Along the highways, gardens spell out "XIX Olympiad" in tiny cactus plants. And the Olympic Village, lying in the second-summer sun under huge tethered balloons, is like a *dolce-sports-vita* resort scene.

By last weekend 7,261 athletes had unpacked their sweat socks and were settling down to training: running, jumping, throwing things, hunching low over bicycles and pedaling off into the city's traffic—which could be the most dangerous thing they will do in all their competitive lives. By rough count, 1,221 sturdy hopefuls from 89 countries had signed in for track and field events alone. There were 83 men in the line for the 26-mile marathon, making for the biggest potential walkout—or runout—in Olympic history.

The Americans came down from Denver in blazers and confident looks and the Russians were vivid in that sort of plugged-in red. There were splashes of color from well over 100 countries in all and, on all sides, crowds of Mexicans, who have been totally turned on since the first flag went up.

The Olympic Village sprawls over a scenic lava-bed valley roughly the size of Texas. There are enough training fields and tracks to run off the entire show without ever sending anyone up to the big stadium on the hill. The competitors settled down in a hurry to test: 1) The 7,349-foot altitude, which they grew more and more to feel they could live in, and 2) each other. And things got going right away.

First off, while some of the late nations were still waving hello at customs and dragging their suitcases off the bus, the Italian cycling team staged an off-the-cuff pursuit event—and broke its own world and Olympic team records with a 4:24.6 run over 4,000 meters. So much for altitude problems.

Next day the 1964 Olympic soccer champion, Hungary, took on Nigeria in a pickup match that drew a crowd of 15,000. If Nigeria's 1–1 tie was indicative of things to come, then the Olympics are going to end up on their ear, because Nigeria was not good enough even to field a soccer team at the Tokyo Games.

Then along came Russian and Cuban relay teams, breathing easily in the no-calorie air, and tugged on their track shoes. Before anyone could say, "You can't expect to run fast in Mexico," the girls of both teams equaled the world mark of 43.6 seconds in the 400-meter relay, and the Cuban men's team ran just close enough to the world record—38.8 seconds—to make it look easy.

In that same practice meet Mexico's Juan Martinez loped along for 5,000 meters in *13:59.8*, the best ever run at that altitude, and then Kenya's Wilson Kiprugut whizzed 800 meters in 1:45.9, another startling time. By Saturday athletes were taking bigger breaths, and little Doris Brown, recently of the Los Alamos Browns, got off the bus from the airport and ran a test 800 meters. She clocked it in 2:06.6, beating Abby Hoffman of Canada, and then went back to the Village to finish unpacking.

"The altitude, it bothered us for five days," said a Belgian field-hockey player named André Museh, "but after that it is finished."

Understand, all that was *inside* the Olympics. On the outside, a few blocks away at the 90,000-student National University, and a few miles away in Tlatelolco, which is the Levittown of Mexico, the division grew sharp, tense and more tragic.

The students and the army had been feuding for weeks before the Olympians started arriving, and by the time the Games were pulling together the crisis had worsened to the point of explosion. There had been rioting, gunplay and a general smashing-up of things on the university city campus. President Díaz had appealed for all sides to calm down while the strangers were in town—citing such items as image, the fact that visitors could get hurt, Mexico's big investment in tour-

continued

Balloons fly above helmeted Village guard.

American boxers kid around at croquet in Olympic Village—an island of calm amid disorders

But Danish cyclists are reminded of riots as they pass ambulance of type used to bear wounded

ism and, finally, motherhood ("Please keep your boys and girls off the streets").

But inside the medical center on campus, surrounded by smashed windows, barricades of classroom chairs and splashed paint slogans saying *NO VOLVEREMOS*, which means, "We will not turn back," members of the student strike committee took a different view.

"We like the Olympic Games," one of the leaders said, "but we feel our cause is more important. These should not be related, because Mexico has spent a lot of money on the Games. But that is the way it is. The generation gap everyone speaks of has grown to worldwide proportions now. It is everywhere. Your way of life, with your mechanism and your Olympics, does not suit us."

That was Wednesday. The students would rally that evening, he said, on the Plaza de las Tres Culturas. From there they would march on a nearby school—still occupied by police—and liberate it. They came by the thousands. The plaza sits in the center of Tlatelolco, a condominium housing project. Several of the marchers had made special signs for the occasion—brightly colored posters, many of them showing the Olympic ringed emblem in the foreground—with drawings of police bayoneting students in the background. There were grim invitations for the world to come to these bloody Olympics and other invitations to stay away.

After a while the belligerent scene became almost festive; it might have been a student pep rally on the campus of the University of Kansas, seeking free love. A strike leader, speaking from a balcony, had called off the proposed march. Too many soldiers waiting with guns, he said. And then, while students and spectators milled around, came the scene that was to leave its mark on the 1968 Olympics.

It was dark. A green flare suddenly arched high overhead to light the scene and the plaza exploded with machine-gun fire and students running in panic. Soldiers had them surrounded and for three hours and more the place rang with gunfire.

By Thursday the size of the tragedy was determined: more than 25 had been killed, hundreds were wounded, jails were full. By the end of the week the toll had gone up to 34 dead and would go higher. Police closed off the housing area. Foreigners were urged to stay away

continued

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and, in effect, to take their Olympic business elsewhere. And across town, in the luxurious Camino Real Hotel, the IOC went into emergency session

Next day Mexico City's *The News* headlined THE SHOW WILL GO ON and printed Brundage's statement. And, for all its tension, the show began, slowly, to go on In the hotel's presidential suite Brundage paced back and forth like a well-tailored old blue bear and admitted that news accounts of the disorders were alarming "But," he said, "I was at the ballet last night and we heard nothing of the riots. You wouldn't know it in a city of this size. After all, you think of the precautions taken to protect the President of the United States, and yet he is murdered We live in that kind of world."

And, on the inside with the athletes, it *was* a different sort of world. There were the Games to get ready for and no time to spare. In the Village, all was calm. At the venues spotted around town, such as the Auditorio Nacional near Chapultepec Park, where the gymnasts will perform, soldiers strolled in groups of three, each carrying rifle and bayonet and looking fixedly at all strangers until he was sure of their intent. "We sort of noticed when we went to play a warmup game," said U.S. Water Poloist Dean Willeford, "that there were soldiers all around us But you just learn to live with it."

Hectic days lay ahead. On several of the pop-art statues around town night riders were scrawling *Victoria O Muerte*, spoiling the beauty of the scene—and as a final grim touch, someone was getting to those white doves. All across town small blobs of red paint were being dotted in the center of the dove images, creating the effect of a bird shot through the heart, blood dripping down.

There was talk of more demonstrations coming up—that bands of students would strike at various Olympic sites. It was clear that when the big show moves into the stadium on opening day there will be almost as large a crowd of soldiers outside the place—guarding it.

On Saturday morning the IOC and 124 national committees put out a statement. It called upon all of Mexico to declare a spiritual truce and unite for the Games The only thing anyone could do was wait and see. The stage was set, still all prettied up, and Mexico was making a run for it. **END**

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THE FACE-OFF THAT NEVER WAS

Miami had its Mad Stork on defense, USC had an offense named Orange Juice and the confrontation was billed as epic, but the showdown was something less as the Trojans gave the Hurricanes the bird **by DAN JENKINS**

There is this year a long-gaited, steel-clawed gatherer-upper and swallower of collegiate football runners known as The Mad Stork, and there is a ballcarrier known as Orange Juice, who is one of the least gathered up and swallowed runners since the Lord began to maketh feet. Naturally, when they got ready to collide last week in Los Angeles, everyone had a right to expect a confrontation that would inspire a classic tale, one that would be worthy of a title like, oh, *How The Mad Stork Learned to Squeeze Orange Juice*, or perhaps *How The Mad Stork Got His Orange Juice Spiked*. Miami's 210-pound, 6′ 8″ Ted Hendricks trying to stop, slow down or squash USC's O. J. Simpson (*see cover*), he of the 9.3 speed and door-slamming impact, just had to be a wondrous spectacle.

Well, if it was, there were 71,189 on a cool night in Memorial Coliseum who missed it. What they saw was O. J. Simpson do what he just keeps on doing week after week, which is grind, slash, streak and flutter for the big scoops of yardage that are gradually making him the most devastating runner the game—or any kind of Ted Hendricks—has ever seen. Against a Miami defense that was stern and hard hitting, the always loose, pleasant halfback got 163 yards and two touchdowns and started Coach John McKay's Trojans toward a stunning 28–3 victory. It was the worst defeat yet handed to a Miami team coached by Charlie Tate, and it was so easy that Simpson was allowed to go home from the office early; he rested the last 10 minutes on the sideline.

Among other things, Simpson is becoming a statistician's joy. After each of his games one has to sit quietly for a while and tote up all the things he is accomplishing. For example, O. J. has already amassed 588 yards from scrimmage in only three games this season and has scored nine touchdowns. That is an average, for you folks without a pencil, of 196 yards per game—and, of course, three touchdowns per game. Nor does it seem likely that Simpson will let up on this pace, barring an injury, because his best games tend to come against USC's toughest opposition, which the Trojans have yet to face. Therefore, you can with some justification project Simpson's averages through a whole 10-game schedule, and what you come up with is astonishing.

O. J. would finish 1968 with 2,000 yards or so, which happens to be about 430 more than the most yards ever gained running in a single season, and he would have 30 touchdowns, which is also absurd, and for a 20-game, two-season varsity career he would have 3,400 yards. That would be more than anyone ever

Instead of running away from Miami's Hendricks, USC ran at him with excellent results. Here Simpson (32) has the ball and Hendricks is delayed.

totaled in *three* seasons. Since Simpson burst on the scene last fall from San Francisco City College to lead the Trojans to the national championship—only Dr. Barnard can rival that for a successful transplant—he has played 13 games and gained 2,003 yards, or an average of roughly what he made against Miami Saturday night. There is hardly any ball-carrying record out of his reach. Let it go at that for the time being.

Before the Miami game the keepers of The Mad Stork and of Orange Juice had elaborate plans about attacking one another. Publicly, they tried to argue that the game really was not a matchup between the two gifted All-Americas. In fact, Miami Coach Charlie Tate went so far as to say, "If you want a matchup, you'll have to take them to the middle of the field and let them have a fist fight." But their plans betrayed them. Hendricks' primary duty was to stop or at least "slow down" O. J. by holding his position firm, and Simpson's task was to beat Miami where it least expected to be beaten: at, inside of, around or over the top of Hendricks.

Early in the week USC Coach John McKay sat behind a cigar, a cup of coffee and a foot-high pile of Miami defenses in his betropheyed office and talked about his side of the problem. "Defense is three things," he said, as if he were writing it on a blackboard. "Recognition, reaction and pursuit. Our job is to make it hard for Hendricks to recognize the play, slow down his reaction and then cut off or outrun his pursuit."

McKay said that the simple thing, and the most predictable thing, would be for USC to run "away" from The Mad Stork, who is called that because of his long legs, flapping arms and determination. Most teams do aim their plays away from him. "We want to run at him," McKay said, smiling slightly. "We don't think they pursue as well to his side as they do to the other side when he is doing the pursuing. He gets up steam going across the field and catches people. And he never lets up. We want to break past him or around him. We don't think he can turn around and catch O. J. from behind."

USC also planned to try to fool Hendricks while running at him. This would involve making passes look like runs and making runs look like passes. First, USC hoped to show Hendricks a formation with an end flankered wide of him and Wingback Jim Lawrence in the slot, almost facing him. That would be a pass. But then they wanted to show the same formation again, except this time the flanker would be Lawrence and the slot man would be the tight end, Bob Klein, who is 6′ 5″ and weighs 238. Hendricks might not react immediately to the change in personnel. This would be a running play for Simpson, with both Klein and Lawrence blocking on Hendricks.

"A defense is a wall about 15 yards wide," said McKay. "You try to make cracks in it during a game. We think if we can make five good creases in it all night, O. J. can score three times."

Simpson had studied a great deal of Hendricks in films, and he had plenty of respect for his loping, smothering mayhem. "He likes to penetrate," said O. J. one afternoon as he loitered outside USC's dressing room. "He shucks off most blockers, or just pushes 'em away and gets around 'em. He's real strong in the hands and arms. He likes to play cat-and-mouse with the quarterback, too. Force him to pitch, then get the ballcarrier. I won't really be thinking about him personally. You don't do that in a game. I run for downs and distance. If I know we need three yards, that's all I'm thinking about. That, and their linebacker. I watch the linebacker just before the snap because his move tells me what Danny Scott, our fullback, is gonna do when he leads me to the hole. Then I know what I'm gonna do."

The best thing O. J. knew about Hen-

continued

By the time Hendricks (89) can turn and pursue, Simpson is safely past for a solid gain on type of play that worked all night for Trojans.

dricks was that The Mad Stork was not going to be hitting him first. Nobody does. "I run to hit the tackler before he hits me," said O. J. "I want to be the punisher, not him. People say to me, and I look at films sometimes and see it, that I could have made more yards on a particular run if I had cut outside, or something. Well, most of the time I didn't because I'm tired and didn't feel I had the energy to go all the way, or because I knew I had the five yards we needed, or something like that.

"Running is a feeling," O. J. continued. "I don't wear a lot of pads because I want to 'feel' the game, the contact. It helps to be able to feel a tackler hitting you or grabbing at you. You know where he is and what to do." For this reason Simpson wears no elbow pads or forearm pads. He does not even wear the conventional hip pads. Instead, he tapes a couple of small knee pads to his hips and leaves his tailbone unprotected. "I feel more loose that way," he said. And, of course, he seldom gets hit from behind, so he has no reason to be alarmed about his tailbone.

Defense is a feeling, too, and a sort of knowing. At least it is for a Ted Hendricks. He lines up outside the end, on the left side as the Miami defense faces the foe, and he looks for things that will tell him where the play is going, things which have helped him cause 12 fumbles in his career. "On a running play the man on offense who is opposite you has to dig in with his back foot and rest his weight on his arms and hands," The Mad Stork said before the game. "And because I'm right on his head, I can't see his feet. I look at his arm. If the muscles bulge out, I know it's a running play and he's coming straight at me. This is what I'll look for with Bob Klein, who'll be blocking on me most of the night. By his first move, I'll know where the play's going. If he blocks me head-on, I'll know that O. J. is running inside. If he comes at an angle, I'll figure it's a sweep. If he goes downfield, it's a sweep to the opposite side. If the muscles don't bulge, he's set to pass protect."

Hendricks said his peripheral vision would help him as well. "You can pick out blockers coming at you from the interior line. You read the near back and you can pick up the direction of the play from the angle he moves out of his stance. Mostly I'll expect O. J. to run when USC is in the I. If they are in a T, I'll figure the fullback to run or a pass."

The Mad Stork thinks a great deal, and not always about football. He is something of a brain in math who has said, "I sometimes wish I was just a student." If his long arms and cold grasp don't always stop runners, his Miami curriculum might: electromagnetic theory, statistics, differential equations, topology and mathematic analysis. His chief hobby is dismantling automobiles, not ballcarriers.

Movie star Charlton Heston, who is making a football film, joins USC star Simpson at bench.

Alas, like a lot of things in life, most of last week's fun was in the anticipation. Only twice during the course of the game was Hendricks in a position to grab O. J. and stop him for no gain. He got himself fooled a few times, as McKay had planned, and he got himself run straight at frequently. Once, on a play McKay relishes calling Student Body Right because of all the interference Simpson has on it, O. J. flashed around Hendricks' end for 30 yards—his longest gain of the night.

Miami was so Simpson-conscious that USC was able to display a rather stylish passing game. Quarterback Steve Sogge, a little guy who does not get much credit but just keeps on winning games, punctured the Miami defenses repeatedly with his throwing. When he had the visitors—who had arrived at 2 a.m. Friday and seemed a trifle leg weary from an ill-advised trek to Disneyland that day—thinking only of O. J., he shot a 28-yard pass to his wide-open wingback, Lawrence, for the first touchdown. His throwing continued to move the Trojans when they were not being penalized for holding (three times) and when O. J. was decoying. "They lullaby you with Simpson," Charlie Tate later confessed, "and then they hit you with the pass. But it's Simpson's presence that makes everything else work."

Simpson's two touchdowns came from close in. He dived over guard for one, and he slanted over left tackle—away from Hendricks—for the other from three yards away. The Mad Stork's biggest moment came when his long claw reached out and caused Fullback Dan Scott to fumble, an error that Miami's futile offense could not take advantage of. Hendricks really was not close enough to O. J. the entire evening to speak to him.

If a defense was to be lauded for the night, it was USC's, led by End Jimmy Gunn and Linebacker John Blanche, who between them broke through to throw Miami players for losses 10 times. "Miami has a pro-style offense," McKay noted later, "which is great as long as you can throw and catch." The USC defense kept Miami from doing much of either.

In the end, the only conclusion anyone could make was that there probably are a lot of mad storks to be found in the world, but there is only one bundle like O. J. **END**

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IN YEAR 2 OF THE NEW ERA THE BOOM GOES ON

Hockey's expansion year was a bold success, and the new season promises to be even better—nowhere brighter than in Montreal

by GARY RONBERG

A year ago this Friday night the Montreal Canadiens won their opening game of the National Hockey League season. The fact that the Canadiens won was hardly novel, but the opposition was. It was a team from Pittsburgh. And so began the most daring expansion scheme ever brought forth by a pro league—a doubling in size, the sudden embrace of Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minnesota, Oakland and Los Angeles, as well as Pittsburgh.

Everyone knew that the expansion teams, with their rosters of has-beens and never-weres, would try with all their supposedly paltry strength to win their games with the established clubs, but few dared hope they would do so well against the East—that they would win 40 games and tie 18 while losing 86. And who could have anticipated the race that materialized in the West, where the championship was not decided until the next to last game and only six points separated first place from fifth? Who would have dreamed that the St. Louis Blues could put the Canadiens—hockey's Green Bay Packers—through four absolutely spellbinding games before losing in the Stanley Cup finals, twice in overtime? "The season," said St. Louis Executive Vice-President Sid Salomon III, "exceeded our wildest expectations."

This week begins the second year of the great experiment, with each team playing a record 76 games, two more than last year, and all's well East and West. That includes Oakland, the one weak-sister expansion team last year, which now has new owners, new money, a new coach and some new bodies. Oakland won only 15 games all year, finished 22 points out of the playoffs and blew $1.8 million. Puck, Inc., owned by three millionaire sports enthusiasts—Potter Palmer, John O'Neil Jr. and George Gillett—purchased the club and assumed its losses and a big loan from Labatt's Brewery, which earlier had attempted to buy the team and move it to Vancouver. The three men are no newcomers to sport: they own the Harlem Globetrotters and have interests in the Miami Dolphins, the Atlanta Braves and the Atlanta Chiefs soccer club. Rumors that the club is still labeled for Vancouver were apparently quelled recently by Palmer, who said, "If there was a time to move the Seals, that time has passed."

A stable franchise in Oakland is all the NHL really needs to protect its image of solid success. CBS-TV once again will televise nationally a schedule of regular-season and playoff games under the terms of a three-year, $3 million contract signed with the NHL two years ago. Most of the teams have local TV contracts of their own.

Attendance in the East is perennially strong. There has not been an unsold seat in the Montreal Forum or Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens since the end of the Second World War, and in Chicago the ticket scalpers are gainfully

continued

employed. Every established team has increased seating capacity during the past few years, but none so craftily as Toronto. The dollar-adoring owners of the Maple Leaf Gardens have upped the size of a full house from 12,800 to 16,355 in several years by narrowing aisles and squeezing extra seats into every inconceivable nook and cranny. Garden employees get a pair of $2.50 seats to a game of their choice if they can stuff one more seat into a spot no one has utilized before.

The expansion teams, led by Minnesota and St. Louis, drew more than two million people in their first season. The Blues had the largest single gate (16,177) and the North Stars led in average attendance (11,762). This year every expansion team except Oakland has reported an increase in season-ticket sales, with the Blues' remarkable performance in the playoffs tripling the advance sale to 9,000. Minnesota's has risen to 8,000. Los Angeles, which had to play two-thirds of its home games in three different arenas last year, averaged 11,562 after moving into Jack Kent Cooke's glittering Forum. Philadelphia was averaging 9,875 and had drawn capacity crowds (14,646) four times when the winds of March lifted the roof off the Spectrum and forced the Flyers to play their seven remaining home games in New York, Quebec City and Toronto.

The new teams' success against the old last year was the result of a combination of two factors: superb goaltending and complacency on the part of the East. In hockey a good goaltender is as valuable as a strikeout pitcher in baseball. "There's no substitute

THE PROSPECTS of Montreal's lofty Stanley Cup champions, the Canadiens, are again *magnifiques*

for it," says Chicago Coach Billy Reay, who lost Glenn Hall to St. Louis in the expansion draft and has been suffering ever since. "If you took Bob Gibson and put a minor league baseball team behind him I'd venture to say that team would win 50% of the games Gibson pitched. In hockey the teams with the good goalkeepers have an excellent chance of winning half of their games before the season even starts."

The new clubs will be fortunate, however, if they can approach last year's record, they must play each established team two more games than before, and the feeling in the training camps in Ontario and Quebec was that the East is complacent no more. "Last year, even though we lost a few games to the new teams, we never really took them seriously," said Claude Larose, who was traded by Montreal to Minnesota during the summer. "I doubt if the Canadiens will feel that way this year."

"We have seen," said Claude Ruel, the new coach in Montreal, "what can happen to a club that takes the new teams for granted. They cost Toronto a spot in the playoffs [the Leafs were 10-11-3 against the West], and I don't expect that to happen to any Eastern team again."

Billy Reay agrees. "Last year they were rookies. They played with the spirit of rookies trying to prove themselves. Now, they're all sophomores."

Nevertheless, in the next five years the true difference between East and West should diminish, just as the American Football League has begun to approach the level of the NFL. "I look at our players now and I see them skating better all the time," says St. Louis Coach Scotty Bowman. "They've gotten better just by being exposed to the old clubs. What we have to do now is take care of our established talent, because there's not much of it around in our league. A veteran like Doug Harvey can help you so many ways—on the ice or off of it. When he says something those young kids listen."

Yet in their haste to land the established player—or the good minor league prospect—several new clubs, most notably Minnesota, have begun trading away their choices in the universal draft. Launched last year, the draft closely parallels the pro draft of college football players in the U.S.—and since the Canadiens have more good young players than anybody else, they are collecting an alarming number of choices from the new teams in exchange for players from their powerful farm system. Already Montreal has acquired 10 draft picks from the new teams, including Minnesota's first choices from 1969 through 1973 and Oakland's in 1972. Green Bay has its NFL opponents in a similar fix. "Maybe they'll have to make a rule against the new teams trading their draft choices," says Bowman. "If things continue as they are, Montreal will wind up with all the players."

There are those who say the Canadiens already have all the players they need to dominate the NHL for years to come. Claude Ruel, one of the season's four new coaches (along with Bernie Geoffrion in New York, Bill Gadsby in Detroit and Fred Glover in Oakland), admits the Canadiens have "no weakness."

However, a major renovation of the Montreal Forum, begun moments after the playoffs ended on May 11 but not due for completion until November 2, could keep the Canadiens from breaking open the race in the first month. Montreal must play eight of its first nine games on the road.

"Taking over a first-place club, that is a challenge," said Ruel, the Canadiens' former chief scout. "But playing so many games on the road at the start, that is the biggest challenge of all. Some coaches, you tell them they can have the job but they must play eight of the first nine games on the road, and those coaches, they will say you can keep your job."

They do not say that in Montreal, which has been voted the East championship and the Stanley Cup in every opinion poll from Chicoutimi to Cucamonga. New York and Boston should make a bitter fight for second place, and a highly interesting contest is likely over the remaining playoff spot. That struggle may not be settled until the final week, when all the probable contenders —Toronto, Chicago and Detroit—play a flurry of games with one another.

No team in the West can be counted entirely out of the race for that division's playoffs, but only three look like sure pennant contenders. Defending champion Philadelphia once again will give up few goals, but since the Flyers score so few themselves they may have difficulty holding off Minnesota and St. Louis. The North Stars are the most improved club in the league. They have added strength at center and on defense, and Wayne Connelly, one of the new division's potential superstars (St. Louis' Red Berenson is another), is a 35-goal man. The Blues have increased their scoring strength with the addition of Camille Henry and Ab McDonald. Los Angeles and Oakland split 10 games last year. Their intrastate rivalry could grow even more heated should the two wind up fighting for the last playoff spot.

"We are convinced we'll win," says Oakland General Manager Frank Selke Jr., an optimist in a league teeming with them, "but we're willing to dig in." For detailed scouting reports on his and all the other NHL teams, turn the page.

CONTINUED

THE EAST

MONTREAL CANADIENS

"Taking over the Canadiens," says 30-year-old Claude Ruel, Montreal's new coach and the youngest in the NHL, "is not like going to a fifth-place team, where you can finish fourth or third or second. With the Canadiens, there is only one place to move and that is down."

M. Ruel omits mention of standing fast at the summit, which is the more likely outcome. From former Coach Toe Blake he inherits a team that won nine regular-season championships and eight Stanley Cups in 13 years—a set team with no discernible weakness. The goaltending is superb, the defense in front of it is big, quick and tough, and the offense—well, nobody attacks like those Frenchmen.

Jean Beliveau, beginning his 18th season, leads the way once more. Last year Beliveau finished with 31 goals and 37 assists, although he played in only 59 games. The Canadiens rewarded him with a salary they are certain ranks among the two or three highest in hockey. Behind Beliveau are three more outstanding centers—Ralph Backstrom, Jacques Lemaire (who some believe should have been Rookie of the Year for 1967-68) and Henri Richard, who had an extraordinary training camp. Wings Bobby Rousseau, Yvan Cournoyer and Gilles Tremblay all scored more than 50 points last season.

"People ask me, 'Claude, how you going to do?' " says Ruel. "I say, these players will answer for me. The other night against Houston they put 30 shots on their net in the first period and only let Houston across its own blue line twice. What can I say after that?"

Unfinished work on the Forum will keep the Canadiens on the road until November 2. When they open at home they will get a big reception—if they win. The Forum fans can't abide a loser.

NEW YORK RANGERS

In one of hockey's more remarkable coaching performances, Emile Francis required only two years to lift the Rangers from a succession of fifth- and sixth-place finishes to two straight berths in the Stanley Cup playoffs. For the most part he did it with the same players who had been finishing fifth—with one notable exception, of course. The spirit and determination of Bernie Geoffrion, Francis insisted, gave an invaluable lift to the new Rangers. So when Francis decided after last season to devote all his time to his job as general manager, it came as no surprise that he chose Geoffrion as his successor.

The dark, square-jawed ex-Canadien opens with the finest Ranger team in 25 years. Last year Rod Gilbert and Jean Ratelle combined for a 1-2 scoring punch second only to that of Chicago's Stan Mikita and Bobby Hull. Ratelle blossomed in particular, with 32 goals and 46 assists, to finish fourth in NHL scoring. Gilbert's 29 goals and 48 assists added up to the best year of his life. Behind those two, the Rangers also got big seasons from Phil Goyette, Bob Nevin and Donnie Marshall.

Defensively, Ed Giacomin had an excellent 2.44 goals-against average for 66 games and led the league with eight shutouts. This year promises more bad news for opposing forwards, since Giacomin and the same group of defensemen return: Jim Neilson, Arnie Brown, Harry Howell and Rod Seiling. They may be joined by a hot rookie, Brad Park.

Geoffrion has only defiance for the Canadiens. "We've got the players to finish first," he argues. "Look at last year—we finished only four points behind them then. Considering how much this team has improved in the last two years, I don't see any reason why we can't beat out Montreal."

BOSTON BRUINS

In Boston there seems to be a remarkable relationship between violence and productivity. As the NHL's most penalized team, the Bruins finished third last season and made the playoffs for the first time in nine years. There is no doubt the Bruins again will score more than their share of goals. They are strong and deep at center, with clever Phil Esposito (35 goals), smooth Fred Stanfield (20) and brash Derek Sanderson (24), who was last year's best rookie. Although veteran Johnny Bucyk's bad back may cause him to miss many games, the Bruins also are loaded with good wings. But the team has three important "ifs." They are Bobby Orr's injured knees, Teddy Green's injured knees and injured pride, and one of the weakest goaltending combinations in the league.

The 20-year-old Orr, who missed 28 games with injuries (knees, shoulder separation, broken nose) last year but still was voted the league's best defenseman, has had three operations on his knees during the last two years. "Now they will be as good as new," Orr says optimistically. Green—Terrible Teddy to both his fans and rivals—seemed to recover from his knee miseries during the second half of last season, when he was one of the NHL's best defensemen. He played so well, in fact, that he wanted the Bruins to renegotiate the contract he had signed for this year. The club refused, and Green—his pride wounded—threatened to quit. If Orr is fit physically, and Green is both on hand and happy, the Bruins' defense will be strong, particularly since Don Awrey and Dallas Smith developed into solid NHL players a year ago.

Goaltending is the major problem. Neither Gerry Cheevers nor Ed Johnston is good enough to carry the team. Still, Boston might well finish third again.

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CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS

Things were different in the Black Hawks' training camp this fall, and it wasn't just the banging of hammers and whining of buzzsaws as workers refurbished Chicago Stadium. "Everybody's here," said Defenseman Doug Jarrett, "and everybody's working."

That was the difference. Last year Bobby Hull worked his cattle ranch in Ontario for a few extra days and Goalie Denis DeJordy held out for a few extra dollars, while those who were in camp seemed to be coasting on the memory of the previous season's championship. As a result, the Hawks got off to a horrible start and never fully recovered.

Even though Stan Mikita won the scoring championship with 87 points and Hull scored 44 goals (following his 54- and 52-goal years), Chicago slipped into the playoffs only because Toronto could not beat the expansion teams. Except for Kenny Wharram and Doug Mohns up front, there was little else to cheer.

"We need help at center ice," says Coach Billy Reay. "There's no secret about that."

Reay has been searching but not finding, which makes the 222 goals the Hawks gave up last year (exceeded in the East only by Detroit's 257) seem all the more ominous, and the Chicago defensemen have been so atrocious that Reay prohibited them from dressing with the rest of the team during camp.

With Pierre Pilote drafted by Toronto, the Hawks probably will pair Doug Jarrett with Matt Ravlich and Pat Stapleton with Gilles Marotte, last year's biggest disappointment. DeJordy, no Glenn Hall, will be in goal and Dave Dryden will back him up.

It is difficult to imagine a team with Mikita and Hull missing the playoffs, but unless the Hawks improve on defense and at center they may manage to.

TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

Punch Imlach, the Grand Guru of the Maple Leafs, is growling again on Carlton Street in Toronto. Last year Punch seemed to mellow, and the Leafs, who had won four Stanley Cups in six years, missed the playoffs for the first time in 10 seasons. "I thought the old guys deserved one more chance after winning all those cups," Imlach said, "so I took it easy with them." That approach failed miserably, and now after a summer's brooding, Punch is back in familiar living color—beet red. "I'm not running any hippie joint," he told the Leafs in camp. "You, Gamble, and you, Walton, and you, Carleton—trim those sideburns or you won't get any skates."

Next Punch borrowed the Russian national hockey team's rigorous PT exercise program, which certainly will make the Leafs physically tougher. Imlach also has made some smart trades. Last February, realizing the playoffs were a mirage, he acquired the line of Norm Ullman, Paul Henderson and Floyd Smith from Detroit, and during the off season he drafted Defenseman Pierre Pilote from Chicago. Along with Goalies Johnny Bower and Bruce Gamble, Defensemen Tim Horton and Marcel Pronovost, Centers Dave Keon and Mike Walton and Wings George Armstrong, Ron Ellis and Bobby Pulford, they provide Toronto with a solid but not youthful team. Bower, for instance, is 43, while Horton, Pronovost, Pilote and Armstrong all are closer to 40 than 35. The Leafs play a tight, close-checking defensive-type game, however, and this style does not tire old bodies too much. Now Imlach hopes to find a few kids with muscle.

The Leafs played timidly last year. If they turn belligerent again and if Imlach can keep the whip cracking all season, there probably will be hockey on Carlton Street next April.

DETROIT RED WINGS

It is no coincidence that the new coach of the Red Wings, Bill Gadsby, used to be an All-Star defenseman. Last year the Wings scored more goals (245) than ever before, yet finished a distant last in the East. The trouble was in a defense that gave up a goal for each one Detroit scored. Now that Sid Abel has become general manager full time and Gadsby has taken over behind the bench, Detroit fans are hoping for better times.

During the off season the Wings traded for some help, getting Bobby Baun, a clever 32-year-old ex-Maple Leaf, from Oakland. Baun will team with either Gary Bergman or Kent Douglas. Bergman is one of the league's better defensemen, and Douglas, simply because he has shed 15 pounds, might have a big year. But Detroit still must fill the No. 4 and 5 spots, and none of the six players trying out for them has been particularly impressive. Roger Crozier, who quit and then unquit last year, returns in goal. Apparently Crozier has reached the conclusion he can't beat hockey for the hours or the money even though it means stopping a 100-mph slap shot now and then. He will be spelled by Roy Edwards.

As before, Detroit will have little difficulty putting the puck in the net; Red Wing forwards traditionally attack in waves. Unfortunately they are rather poor at helping out on defense. Gordie Howe, 40, and Alex Delvecchio, nearing 37, come off splendid seasons, Howe having scored 39 goals. Frank Mahovlich is happier the farther he gets from Toronto Coach Punch Imlach and could score 30 goals, maybe more. He will play opposite Howe on a line centered by a 20-year-old rookie, Garry Unger.

Detroit has missed the playoffs two years in a row. If Crozier and a couple of the questionable defensemen play well, the Wings will make it. If not, forget it.

CONTINUED

THE WEST

PHILADELPHIA FLYERS

Although at times last year they did not have a roof over their heads and had to schedule "home" games in Quebec, New York and Toronto, the Philadelphia Flyers finished in first place in the expansion division. This year they will have a roof to play under—or at least the Ben Franklin Institute says the Spectrum's top will not collapse or fly away as it did a year ago—but the Flyers will not finish first again.

The reason is that Philadelphia does not have a single consistent goal-scoring threat. The Flyers scored only 173 goals last season (the second lowest total in the NHL), and they had only two regular players who scored 20 goals, Leon Rochefort and Bill Sutherland.

They won their division because 23-year-old Goaltenders Bernie Parent and Doug Favell permitted the opposition only 179 goals (the third best record in the NHL), because the young defensemen Joe Watson and Ed Van Impe played well, and because the Flyers hit.

Rochefort, an underrated player, is back, but Sutherland was lost in the draft. Rookie Center Ron Buchanan was drafted from Boston, and if the Flyers have their usual luck with a Bruins' reject, Buchanan may score 25 goals. Brit Selby, the NHL's Rookie of the Year three years ago with Toronto, has recovered from all his leg fractures and could be one of the West's best forwards. The Flyers also have promoted the line of Andre Lacroix, Simon Nolet and Jean-Guy Gendron from Quebec. "They scored 114 goals down there last year," said Bud Poile, the general manager. "I'll be happy if they score 70 for us." So will Coach Keith Allen.

Conclusion: the Flyers will be as strong as they were a year ago, but not strong enough because the rest of the league has improved.

LOS ANGELES KINGS

In his letter welcoming the Kings to training camp, Owner Jack Kent Cooke proclaimed: "Having proved to all the doubting Thomases that we are National Hockey League caliber, we can start where we left off last season: the best team in the Western Division."

The Kings didn't exactly prove they were the best team in the West last year, finishing second by a point to Philadelphia and losing to Minnesota in the Stanley Cup quarter-finals. But they were a surprise, especially to the established clubs, which they beat 10 times and tied twice.

On paper, and on the ice in their gaudy purple-and-gold uniforms, the Kings certainly do not look as formidable as Minnesota or St. Louis. They need a left wing desperately and, having failed to trade for or develop one, Coach Red Kelly experimented with a pair of defensemen at camp. As a result, the defense—one of the weakest in the West—is weaker still. Goalie Terry Sawchuk, 38, seems chastened—but not necessarily revitalized—by the fact that the Kings left him unprotected in the draft and tried all summer to unload his $50,000 contract. Wayne Rutledge, who played well in 45 games last season, reported overweight, but he should again split time with Sawchuk.

Lacking, as it is, in good defensemen, Los Angeles can be expected to give up more than its share of goals, and this puts heavy pressure on the forwards. They were potent last season. Ed Joyal, Bill (Cowboy) Flett and Lowell MacDonald must repeat their good years, and much depends on the outcome of Kelly's search for a left wing.

Essentially the Kings are the same team that started 1967. In the scuffle with clubs that have not stood pat, the "best" in the West could be in trouble.

ST. LOUIS BLUES

Whatever else you say about Scotty Bowman, the young coach of the Blues, and his players, they obviously have the deepest, richest suntans in the NHL as the season begins. "We spent a week golfing, fishing and practicing in the Maritimes," said Bowman. "I believe hockey or any sport is at least 70% mental. Keep your players happy, and they'll play for you. Our players are happy."

And they play for Bowman, as they proved last year, coming from last place in December to third in April (only three points behind Philadelphia) and on into the Stanley Cup finals, where they astonished Montreal with the spirit and quality of their game. The Blues are strong again, particularly at center ice and in goal, where it is most important to be strong.

"People say we've added too much age in Jacques Plante [39] and Doug Harvey [43]," says Bowman. "But, really, this is a young club that can afford it." Glenn Hall, the best goaltender in the league when he is on his game, will split time with Plante, who is coming off a three-year retirement.

The Blues had difficulty scoring goals—particularly on the power play—so little Camille Henry, the ex-Ranger with the knack of flicking them in around the net, has been signed. Red Berenson leads the strong center corps, which includes Frank St. Marseille and Ron Schock. Ab McDonald, acquired from Pittsburgh, is a forward of above-average size and strength, and he could be in for a notable year, skating on a line with Berenson and Wing Tim Ecclestone, a converted center.

The schedule confronts St. Louis with East opponents in 12 of its first 21 games, so a fast start is unlikely, but as the suntans fade the Blues should be in the fight for the West title all the way.

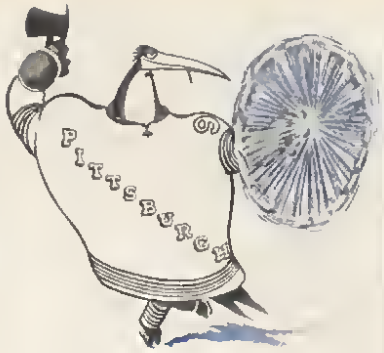
MINNESOTA NORTH STARS

For most of last season the best act in Minnesota was not the North Stars, it was Wren Blair, their volatile coach and general manager, leaping onto the dasher to scream at the referee, waving his left fist in the face of a defenseman who had just cost the North Stars a goal, wiping his face with a towel, then throwing the towel 50 feet into the air.

Now Blair has a new act: that is, probably the best hockey team in the Western Division. The North Stars finished fourth last year, beat Los Angeles in the first round of the playoffs and then lost a seven-game series to the St. Louis Blues. After that defeat, Blair moved directly to the negotiating table. He signed several Canadian Olympic players, including Danny D'Shea, who has a chance to play regularly this year. He traded future draft rights to Montreal for Forwards Claude Larose and Danny Grant, competent players who simply could not break into the Canadiens' regular lineup. Then, in the draft, he purchased veteran Defensemen Wayne and Larry Hillman. Added to the nucleus Blair developed last year, these players will help make the North Stars the most improved team in the NHL.

That established nucleus consists of five players—Forwards Wayne Connelly, Ray Cullen and Andre Boudrias, Defenseman Mike McMahon and Goaltender Cesare Maniago. Connelly led the West with 35 goals. Cullen scored 28, while Boudrias, a pesty little do-it-all, centered a regular line, killed penalties and worked the power play. "They all may have had great years last season," Blair says, "but now we've got to watch out for the sophomore jinx."

Maybe so. The rest of the West, and for that matter the rest of the NHL, will have to watch out for the North Stars.



PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

Around the league last year the Penguins jokingly were called the Donut Team because they had no centers—none of NHL caliber, anyway—and when they finished in fifth place it really did not surprise many people. Coach Red Sullivan tried to fill the hole during the off season, and he did acquire three veterans, Charlie Burns and Wally Boyer, who played for last-place Oakland a year ago, and Lou Angotti, who captained the Philadelphia Flyers last season. Another veteran, Earl Ingarfield, returns to the Penguins.

Whether or not the weakness at center has been cured, the Penguins have a number of other problems that probably will keep them out of the playoffs again. One problem is age. Another is muscle. The Penguins were the least penalized team in the NHL last season, rarely hitting hard enough to impress anyone. The one forward who did throw his weight around, Ab McDonald, was traded to St. Louis. Leo Boivin, a defenseman who is built like a fire hydrant, still is one of the best body checkers, but last season he was the only Pittsburgh defenseman who would knock down an opponent in front of Goalie Binkley. In anti-meekness moves, the Penguins bought a tough defenseman, John Arbour, 23, and a wing with a wallop, Jean Pronovost, 22, from the Bruins.

The one position at which the Penguins are well set is in goal, where Binkley, who once was a minor league trainer, posted six shutouts and a fine 2.88 goals-against average in 54 games last year. "He shut us out 1–0 one night when we took 56 shots at him. It was the best goaltending job I've ever seen," said the Bruins' Bobby Orr. It's dollars to donuts, however, that the playoffs are out of reach.

OAKLAND SEALS

During the NHL June meetings in Montreal the new owners of the Seals invited all the players and their new coach, Freddy Glover, down to Ruby Foo's Chinese restaurant on Decarie Boulevard, where a concerted effort was made to erase the memory of the year's miseries in food and drink.

No roof had been big enough to cover the Seals and their first coach, Bert Olmstead, once a redoubtable forward but at Oakland a poor handler of men. Glover, for the past six years player-coach for Cleveland in the AHL, has the reputation of being a player's coach.

Glover is building around a goaltending team that stood up well amid the disasters of last year. Diminutive Charlie Hodge completed the season with a 2.86 average for 58 games, and he will again be backed up by Gary Smith, a 24-year-old with promise.

Defenseman Bert Marshall is big enough and is skilled at blocking shots. Glover would like to pair him with Doug Roberts, the native American 200-pounder, provided Roberts can make the conversion from his normal position, right wing. Bryan Watson and Carol Vadnais, both acquired from Montreal, provide a swift, agile, defense shift.

Last year the Seals' 153-goal attack was the worst in either division, but Glover does have one good forward line and another seems to be in the making. Ted Hampson, scorer of 54 points last season, will center Billy Hicke and Gary Jarrett, who scored 39 goals between them, on the No. 1 unit.

As an AHL player-coach Glover was almost always among the league leaders in goals and penalties. His first NHL team, anxious to reflect Glover's aggressive personality, will be scrappy and colorful—quite possibly aggressive enough to win a playoff spot. **END**

TARTAN HAS A HIGH NEW FLING

The gallant tartans of Scotland have invaded new territory. In Nova Scotia, where everybody is a Mackintosh, a Macdougall or a Macsomebody, they are worn with a nationalistic fervor that reaches its peak at the Antigonish Highland Games. But as U.S. visitors to Antigonish have discovered, you do not have to be kilted or even a Scot to wear a tartan. What makes tartans doubly noticeable is that they are being worn by both men and women. Men's jackets and slacks, shirts and ties, women's suits and capes and evening clothes—all from the new lines of U.S. manufacturers—are so emblazoned with the bright plaid that many a gathering across the land this fall will look like a clannish affair.

Photographs by Bob Gomel

Visitors to the Antigonish Games are as colorful as the kilted locals. Nerida Piggin wears a wool plaid-and-leather dress and weskit by Pauline Trigère (Bonwit Teller, New York). Her shoes are from Latinas. Bill Kelly sports Red Leslie tartan slacks and a belted jersey shirt by Bill Blass for PBM (Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Palm Springs).

A foursome in tartans makes a golf match as colorful as the Antigonish Games parade. The slacks (from left) are by Mover (Hanny's, Phoenix), Branford (Bloomingdale's, New York) and Corbin (Sims, Ltd., Minneapolis).

Nerida Piggin, with members of a Royal Canadian Legion band, wears a multicolored tartan scarf, socks and kilt with a navy jacket by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner (Saks Fifth Ave., New York). Her lynx bag is by Greta.

Sonja Bakker and Fred Weber parade through a Nova Scotia field. She wears a plaid cape with a red vest, navy pants and crepe shirt by Don Simonelli for Modella (I. Magnin, San Francisco). Weber's suit is of bold Dress MacRae of Conchra tartan. The shy can buy the jacket or slacks alone. They are by J. Schoeneman (Marshall Field, Chicago).

Billy Sutherland, a member of the Dartmouth Nova Scotia Boys Pipe and Drum Band, gives Bill Kelly a lesson in piping. Kelly's sport jacket, a tartan of the Hay clan, is made by Hart Schaffner & Marx (Wallach's, New York). A yellow shirt (Gant), a wide shetland tie (Resilio) and twill slacks (Pendleton) pick up the Highland colors of the jacket.

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Sun Devils only smile when they're hurting

Arizona State players learn not to show pain and how to become pros. Wyoming, another Western Athletic Conference member, beat ASU, but few teams outside the WAC care to face either one by GARY RONBERG

Arizona State of the Western Athletic Conference opens its schedule next September with Minnesota of the Big Ten. Last week a story in a Minnesota paper appeared questioning why any Big Ten team would want to schedule Arizona State. The story reasoned that the Big Ten could only lose prestige in defeat to ASU and would be credited with nothing if it won.

That would be a responsible premise if it had been offered a decade ago when Arizona State was playing such teams as Midwestern and Montana State College. The way the WAC is advancing, though, the inverse of the argument may be more accurate by next fall—namely, why would ASU want to risk so much by scheduling a Big Ten school?

Outside of the Mountain time zone, nobody yet pays much attention to the WAC. The bookies, who will offer odds on almost anything that moves, even Penn vs. Brown, fail to include the WAC games in their weekly national line. Last year was the first time that journalists and coaches voted a WAC school into the final Top Ten.

It was the pros, perhaps, who first appreciated the improved WAC play, and particularly the talent that Coach Frank Kush was developing at Arizona State. But in the last couple of years it has been hard for the Big Ten or anyone else to deny that the WAC has arrived. Wyoming was unbeaten last year, and led LSU 13–0 at the half in the Sugar Bowl before tiring and losing in the last quarter. Texas at El Paso beat Mississippi 14–7. The same day ASU beat Wisconsin 42–16, Arizona, the doormat of the WAC, topped Ohio State.

Arizona State started off this season beating Wisconsin again 55–7, and in the Sun Devil trainer's room the signs that read 11-0: IN OUR HEARTS WE KNOW IT'S RIGHT looked pretty right. Unfortunately, though, Arizona State must also play other WAC members, and last Saturday the Sun Devils' nemesis and the league's other powerhouse, Wyoming, beat Arizona State 27–13 at Laramie.

The defeat will slow Arizona State's battle for recognition, if not the train of talent that keeps showing up from all over the country to learn under Kush's grueling system. The players report before school each fall to an infamous training site called Camp Tontozona in the cool pinetree country north of Phoenix, where the workouts are three times a day and the favorite drills bear names like "nutcracker" and "hamburger." It doesn't get much easier once the season starts. Kush often schedules Friday scrimmages.

"People ask me why I came to Arizona State, to go through all this," says J. D. Hill, a 190-pound wingback from Stockton, Calif. "Well, I came here because of who's been here. Charley, The Hawk, Travis—they all said if I made it through four years under Frank Kush then pro football would just be a breeze."

A short, burly man of 38, Kush is not just running a four-year boot camp for pro prospects. His 75-27-1 coaching record is sixth best in the nation. He is better known, though, for the 17 ASU alumni who have come out of Camp Tontozona to make the pros—like Charley Taylor and Jerry Smith of Washington, Philadelphia's Ben Hawkins and Travis Williams of Green Bay.

Among the 15 legitimate pro prospects now on hand in Tempe are half a dozen backs who can run the 100 in 9.8 or less, a split end who does the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.8 and an All-America 225-pound linebacker from Antioch, Calif. named Ron Pritchard. The only position Kush has failed to fill in the pros so far is quarterback—and the lack of an outstanding one was a part of the reason that ASU lost to Wyoming.

At many schools, quarterbacks are treated much like sacred cows, wearing bright red "hands-off" sweat shirts during scrimmages. But not the Sun Devil quarterbacks. Recently, Ed Roseborough was not releasing the ball quickly enough to suit Kush, so the coach stripped his quarterback of his offensive line and made him drop back and peg the ball while an entire seven-man front charged him, flattening Roseborough time and again after he threw.

Also, there are never any players trotting around wearing sweat suits and trying to work out some sore muscles. "If they can't hit on Thursday they don't play on Saturday," says Kush, who shares Vince Lombardi's suspicion of injuries. "Sure, we're hard on them. To find out who's tough and who's not we make them kick the hell out of each other. But in the long run they're better for it. They're all very young and immature. I'm just trying to give them the benefit of what I've learned."

One of 15 children of a Windber, Pa. coal miner, Kush was very much on his own by the time he was 14, when his father died. Working to help support the family, he fully expected to spend the rest of his life in mine No. 35—until he began to receive offers of football scholarships. He played for three years under Biggie Munn at Michigan State, and in 1952, Kush made All-America as a 170-pound guard.

Kush was greatly influenced by Munn, and even today, in the time of the pass, it comes as no surprise that he still has the Sun Devils running much of the Michigan State multiple offense, complete with single-wing blocking, power dives and slants. Everything is built around the ground game which, of course, demands toughness on the part of the ballcarriers. "They've got to run tough," says Kush, "so we make them

continued

COACH FRANK KUSH AND END FAIR HOOKER WATCH THE COWBOYS END THE 11-0 DREAM

into blockers first. You've got to be aggressive to block somebody, 'cause if you're not they'll take your head off. When they learn to block and be aggressive, we give them the ball."

The players do not resent Kush's hard ways. Instead, they all come to possess a Spartan pride in their mental and physical toughness. Dr. W. W. Scott, the team physician, has not been on the field in five years, and nobody can really remember (or doesn't dare to) the last time a stretcher was needed for an ASU player. Players stunned enough to require a time out almost always have smiles stitched onto their faces by the time Trainer Ray Robison trots out and bends over them. "They don't want the doc or me out there," says Robison. "They don't want *nobody* out there."

Wyoming gives Arizona State fits every year because it favors the same kind of game. Coach Lloyd Eaton recruits just as extensively as Kush. While there are only five Arizonans on the ASU roster, the Cowboys suit up only three Wyoming residents. The Sun Devils opened up a 10–0 lead Saturday on a field goal and J. D. Hill's plunge, but the Cowboys managed to tie at the half and broke the game open in the fourth quarter. The Sun Devils could not contain Jim Barrows of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who made two long punt returns to set up a pair of touchdowns. Ed Synakowski, a sophomore from Utica, N.Y., threw two touchdown passes, and Skip Jacobson from San Diego passed for a final, game-clinching score.

The Cowboy defense, shifting constantly from a 5-3 to a 5-2 to a 6-1, kept the Sun Devil runners in check, and when Rosenborough and sophomore Joe Spagnola (from Paterson, N.J.) could complete only three of 16 passes, ASU was able to manage a mere 120 yards total offense.

The 11-0 sign in the locker room must come down now, but 9-1 might still mean a bowl bid, and 10-1 might even make hamburgers and nutcrackers easier to take next September at Tontozona.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

SOUTH

1. FLORIDA (3-0)
2. LSU (3-0)
3. GEORGIA (2-0-1)

The battle of the brains was intense before the Alabama-Mississippi game. 'Bama pulled the curtains on its AstroTurf practice field and Ole Miss locked the gates for its sessions and went to two workouts a day as the noises emanating from the two hideaways sounded like a George Wallace campaign rally. Finally the two teams got at each other and for almost a half they were locked in a scoreless duel. Then, with less than two minutes to play in the second quarter, Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning hit Vernon Studdard on a 49-yard pass play to the Alabama 12 and a moment later he passed six yards to Hank Shows for the touchdown. Perry King kicked the extra point, but his crucial boot came later, a 44-yard field goal that made it 10–0. Alabama was shut out until the last eight seconds when a blocked kick led to the final score of 10–8. It was the first Ole Miss victory over the Crimson Tide since 1910.

The win put Mississippi in a tie for the SEC lead with Auburn, which won its second conference game as John Riley kicked Kentucky into submission, 26–7, with four field goals—from 22, 23, 47 and 30 yards—an SEC record. "The good Lord was with me," said Riley, sharing the credit.

Florida was the only other SEC team with a conference victory, and it came easy enough for the Gators, who defeated Mississippi State 31–14. The other contenders were still busy playing nonconference opponents. LSU rolled over Baylor 48–16, but Georgia almost didn't make it past South Carolina. Coach Paul Dietzel's alert defense

Roy Don Reeves, brother of the Dallas Cowboys' Dan, intercepted three passes—and two field goals by Billy DuPre had the Gamecocks ahead 20–7 in the first half. Then Quarterback Mike Cavan found his passing touch and Georgia's big backs began to hammer. Cavan's 15-yard pass to Kent Lawrence and Jim McCullough's extra point barely pulled the Bulldogs through 21–20.

There is nothing that makes Florida State Coach Bill Peterson angrier than not scoring a touchdown. So, after last week's 9–3 Florida defeat, he shook up his offensive unit, bringing in Bill Cappleman at quarterback, sophomore Jim Tyson at tight end and sophomore Tom Bailey at fullback. The changes worked. While a tough Seminole defense, led by Linebacker Dale McCullers, stopped Texas A&M's gaudy Edd Hargett—he was intercepted four times—the newcomers fired up FSU. Cappleman passed for two touchdowns, once to Tyson, and Bailey gained 90 yards as FSU won 20–14.

Clemson has been coming down to Georgia Tech's Grant Field on and off since 1945, and each time Coach Frank Howard has taken home a lot of loot for the athletic vault. But never a victory. Last Saturday Howard got a check for $150,000 along with his usual defeat, this time 24–21, as Tech Quarterback Larry Good threw two touchdown passes. After the game, the familiar twinkle was gone from Howard's eye as he said, "I thought we could beat their behinds. It's hell to go home without a win."

For a while West Virginia's sophomore quarterback, Mike Sherwood, had third-ranked Penn State confused as he pitched the Mountaineers to a 14–7 lead. But then the Lion tackles, Mike Reid and Steve Smear, the heart of Penn State's good defense, began to get to him. What discouraged Sherwood even more, though, was Linebacker Dennis Onkotz's penchant for grabbing his passes. Onkotz ran one back nine yards for a touchdown and set up another score with an interception. That, and some slick running by Charlie Pittman, who

gained 125 yards, won for Penn State 31–20.

Duke Coach Tom Harp knows how to give a guy confidence. With his team trailing Maryland 28–27 and driving to within field goal range, he had David Pugh, his placekicker, warm up by kicking footballs into the stands. With three seconds to go and the bad kicks out of his system, Pugh came in and converted a 27-yarder to give the Blue Devils a 30–28 victory and hard-luck Maryland its 16th straight loss. North Carolina took advantage of a bad Vanderbilt center snap to score a touchdown in the last quarter and beat Vandy 8–7.

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (3-0)
2. KANSAS (3-0)
3. NEBRASKA (3-0)

"We ran every place but across the goal line," complained Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf. That may sound like strange talk from a man whose team had just scored six touchdowns and ravaged weak Northwestern 43–6. Mollenkopf could tell, though, that for his No. 1-ranked Boilermakers it was a letdown after the performance against Notre Dame. For instance, Leroy Keyes was just an everyday run-of-the-TD immortal. He only scored three touchdowns, all on six-yard sprints. Northwestern could just be thankful it didn't get Purdue on one of its good days.

This is what Ohio State is likely to encounter when it meets Purdue in the first Big Ten showdown in Columbus this Saturday. The young Bucks were themselves pretty subdued in beating Oregon 21–6. Woody Hayes, naturally, did not want to show Purdue scouts any part of his team's "new look," so Ohio State just mushed along with Fullback Jim Otis pounding the Ducks' middle for 102 yards, including a 35-yard touchdown run. Even so, OSU's defense was impressive, holding the visitors without a first down in the second half.

Regardless of what happens in Columbus, Michigan State and Indiana remain quite alive in the Big Ten title race. Still unbeaten, Michigan State mashed Wisconsin 39–0, while Indiana, up to its old cliff-hanger tricks, got a touchdown pass and a five-yard scoring run by Quarterback Harry Gonso in the last quarter to beat Illinois 28–14. Michigan and Minnesota, meanwhile, helped to bolster the record against non-conference opponents as Michigan routed punchless Navy 32–9, and Minnesota squeaked past Wake Forest 24–19. Iowa tested Notre Dame with a few early scores, but Notre Dame was just teasing and eventually the Hawkeyes succumbed to Terry Hanratty's running and passing, 51–28.

Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers did everything conceivable to hold down the score against New Mexico, short of telling his team to refuse the ball. He used 52 players, but when he put in kicking specialist Bill Bell at quarterback, Bell—using the only play he knew—took the team 65 yards to a touchdown. Kansas won 68–7.

Nebraska had an off day, resting up for its Big Eight game with Kansas this week, but Missouri overcame its own ineptness and an improved Army pass defense that picked off six passes to edge the Cadets 7–3. Colorado built up a 21-point lead and beat Iowa State 28–18.

The last Toledo loss was to Ohio U. After that the Rockets won 12 straight—and then they met Ohio again. Both teams ran and passed with precision and ease, and their Negro quarterbacks, Cleve Bryant for Ohio and Steve Jones for Toledo, were superb. But Bryant had the edge, three touchdown passes to two, and Ohio won 40–31 to take the Mid-American lead. There was some personal consolation, however, for Toledo's Ken Crots, who has never missed an extra point in college. He kicked four and now has 54 in a row for an NCAA record.

SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (3-0)
2. HOUSTON (2-0-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (2-0-1)

The season has hardly started, but with a 30–12 win over the Mean Green of North Texas State, conference newcomer Memphis State already looks like a cinch champion in the Missouri Valley. "Whoever wins the title will have to beat us," said Tiger Coach Spook Murphy back in August—and even then everybody figured "whoever" was North Texas on October 5. Memphis State made its worst error at Denton—a fumble—in the first minute, then spent the rest of the game forcing North Texas to make mistakes. The Tigers grabbed six interceptions and won easily.

For the 10th straight year, Arkansas beat TCU, as Coach Frank Broyles' offense—one he describes as "two split people and two running backs"—accelerated for a 17–7 win in the last quarter with the help of a 31-yard interference call and a juggled interception. Before that, TCU had stopped two Razorback drives and held a 7–3 lead. "I think we had 'em beat till the interference," said TCU Coach Fred Taylor afterward. "We stopped battlin' then and let 'em have it." Sophomore Bill Montgomery quarterbacked the two split people and ensemble into a share of the Southwest Conference lead with Texas Tech, which breezed to a 43–13 win over Colorado State.

It was hail and farewell in Austin, Texas, once beaten, once tied and once again proving that preseason ratings can be deceptive, found midweek booster support after Coach Darrell Royal made an appeal for a little more school spirit. Royal even got the band to come out and play at a secret practice. The secret turned out to be that Royal was at last giving up on senior Quarterback Bill Bradley, who never quite turned in performances that equaled his fame. Bradley was switched to split end, where he debuted by catching a four-yard touchdown pass from his replacement, junior James Street, as the Longhorns whipped Oklahoma State 31–3.

There seems to be a bona fide quarterback loose in Texas, however, in SMU sophomore Chuck Hixson. He went 22 for 34 for 323 yards—with three touchdown passes to Jerry Levias—as SMU outscored North Carolina State 35–14. Still, this was merely three yards and a cloud of dust compared to the high jinks in Houston, where Tennessee came in and busted Rice 52–0, and Houston, with Fullback Paul Gipson carrying for 131 yards and scoring two times, used a fast break and a full-court press to crush Cincinnati 71–33.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (3-0)
2. SYRACUSE (2-1)
3. YALE (2-0)

With UCLA coming to town, one would think Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder might understandably have been nervous. After all, everybody knows that UCLA's Tommy Prothro is a crafty coach who has tricked more than one unsuspecting rival out of a game. But Schwartzwalder knew Prothro didn't have a quarterback. Starter Bill Bolden was still recovering from a shoulder separation, and Jim Nader, his sophomore replacement, had withered in the glare of the limelight. Schwartzwalder also figured his defense could handle Greg Jones and Mickey Cureton, the Bruins' good runners, especially on a field that had been drenched by an all-night and early morning downpour. He was right. Nader's passes were mostly either too long or too short, and the Syracuse line, led by Tackles Art Thoms and Ray White, held Jones and Cureton to 48 yards between them. Meanwhile, sophomore Fullback Al Newton and Halfbacks John Godbolt and John Baliez slipped through UCLA's specially rigged 5-3 defense for 270 yards and Syracuse led 13–0 before the Bruins scored with 6:54 to go. Everybody, including Schwartzwalder, knew

continued

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: West Texas State Halfback Eugene Morris is called "Mercury" and he caught up to his name against Montana State. He ran 54, 89, 66 and 20 yards for touchdowns and rushed for 340 yards in all for a new NCAA record.

THE LINEMAN. Penn State Linebacker Dennis Onkotz had a variety hour against West Virginia. He intercepted two passes, ran one back for a score, knocked down another pass, was in on 10 tackles and ran back two punts.

what Prothro's next move would be—an onside kick—but nobody could have imagined the result. The kickoff squirted toward the sideline, where Bill Maddox, normally a tight end on offense, scooped it up on the UCLA 49 and ran down the sideline almost unpursued for a shocker of a touchdown to complete a 20–7 upset. "I never saw that before," said Prothro, who is (or was) a devotee of the onside kick.

In a contest of independents, Boston College Halfback Dave Bennett scored four touchdowns as BC hammered Buffalo 31–12. After two weeks of horrendous beatings, Pitt finally found a team it could face. With Tailback Denny Ferris running for 137 yards, the Panthers defeated William and Mary 14–3.

Yale's Brian Dowling was the busiest man in the Yale Bowl. He threw two touchdown passes, scored once and contributed a touchdown to Colgate with an errant lateral which the Red Raiders recovered in the end zone as the Elis won 49–14 for their 10th straight. Harvard also won easily over Bucknell, 59–0, but three other Ivy League contenders had their hands full. Cornell barely squeezed by Rutgers 17–16, Princeton needed 30 points in the last quarter to beat Columbia 44–16 and Dartmouth was upset by Holy Cross 29–17. Penn, a noncontender, got by Brown 17–13.

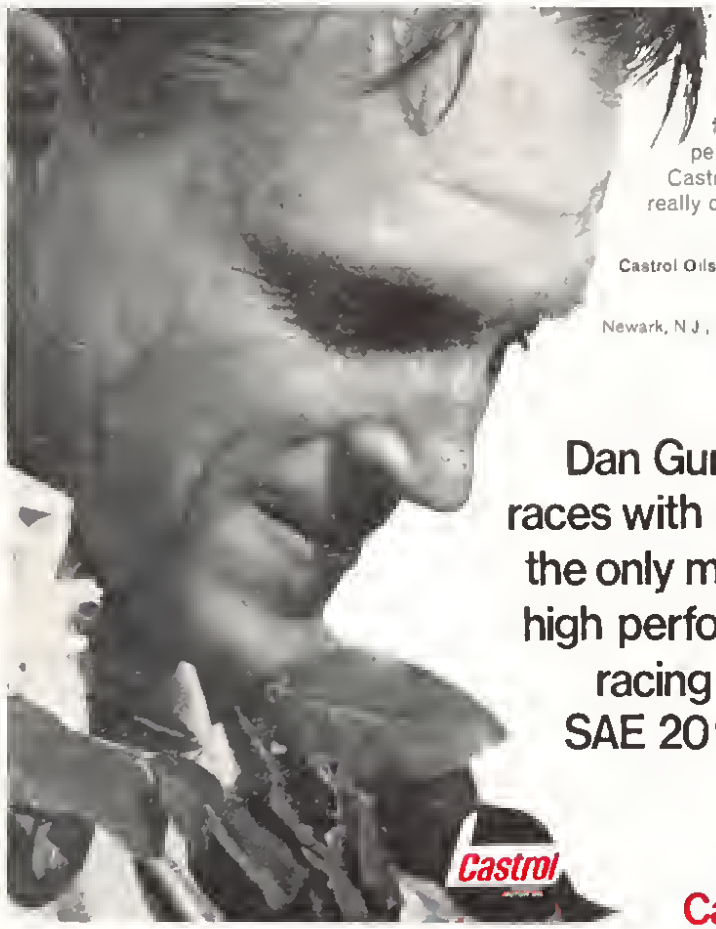
WEST

1. USC (3-0)
2. CALIFORNIA (3-0)
3. OREGON STATE (2-1)

Quite a kidder, that Dee Andros. Just a few days before his Oregon State team was to play Washington, the Great Pumpkin issued a public warning. "If Washington tries to stack against our fullback, Bill Enyart, the Huskies are going to find out we can pass." Good try, coach, but everybody, and especially Washington's Jim Owens, *knows* Enyart carried the ball 50 times against Utah and they *saw* your passing attack: five tries, four incomplete, one intercepted and your top quarterback, Steve Preece, out for weeks because of a shoulder separation. So, Washington devised a defense to stop Enyart, only to discover that here came Preece, in to start for OSU. Washington got off to a 14–7 halftime lead, but Preece loosened up the Huskies with eight completions in 13 attempts, one of them for a touchdown. The shaken Washington defense eventually got its eyes off the ground, but then Enyart got away for two touchdowns as Oregon State won 35–21. Andros even found an extra-point kicker when Larry Rich made five for five. "That shows what a great coach I am," Andros said. "For two seasons Larry has been holding for extra points."

While USC was rolling over Miami 28–3 (*page 44*), Oregon State was not the only Pacific Eight team entertaining thoughts of contesting the Trojans for a Rose Bowl berth. California, off to its best start in 16 years, rolled over San Jose State 46–0 for its third straight, while Stanford, also unbeaten, got another good game from Quarterback Jim Plunkett. He threw for two touchdowns and ran for one as the Indians beat Air Force 24–13. Stanford has USC coming up next, but Coach John Ralston is not conceding. "I feel strongly we can win it," he said. "Nobody is going to outhit us."

Texas-El Paso's hopes in the Western AC race ended with unexpected suddenness when Arizona stunned UTEP with seven pass interceptions and four field goals by Steve Hurley in a 25–0 victory. West Texas State's Eugene (Mercury) Morris ran for 340 yards and scored four times as the Buffaloes beat Montana State 35–20. **END**



"Of all the oils I might have picked—and I've tried a lot of them—," says Gurney, "I settled on the new Castrol XLR racing oil because this multigrade oil is fortified with Liquid Tungsten to give superior performance under the most severe service. I recommend Castrol XLR for *any* car, racing or not, if the owner really cares about his power plant."

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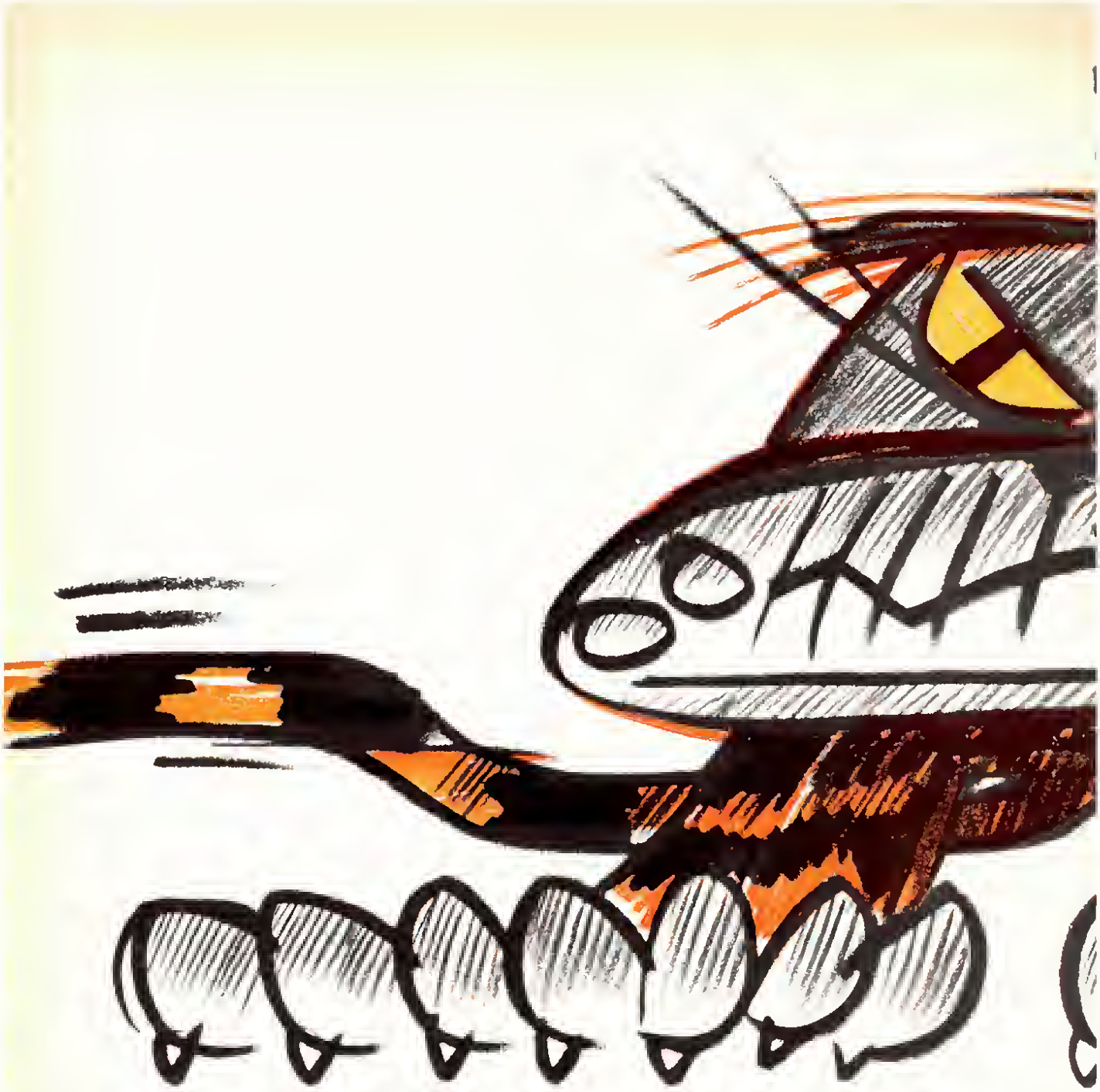
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



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Most tires don't exactly feel at home on city streets. With good reason.

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And not only is it less apt to get disabled, but it wears 55% longer than conventional tires.

If you do part of your driving on city streets or rough roads—and who doesn't?—you'll be glad you put these tough, scrappy paws on your car.

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● **The Mick** has not just struck out in the bottom of the ninth with the bases loaded and the Yankees one run behind. He has not just wrenched his knee. No, he is sobbing, "I want my Maypo!" In a forthcoming TV campaign **Johnny Unitas, Wilt Chamberlain, Don Meredith, Oscar Robertson, Ray Nitschke** and **Willie Mays** are all going to appear pleading, tears pouring down their cheeks, for Maypo breakfast cereal. The ad is said to be aimed at the kids and maybe the kids will love it, but middle-agers may feel that such carryings-on are a far cry from Wheaties' Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy.

A Hungarian newspaper has published an interview with **Alexander Dubcek**'s mother in which she speaks of the First Secretary's love of hunting. His house was reported to have been filled with trophies, and his mother to have been most proud —ready?—of a very large bearskin rug.

Marshall McLuhan has been thinking again, and what he thinks about sports, as he says in his new book, *War and Peace in the Global Village*, is "Games stand in relation to new technology somewhat in the form of clothing. Radio and baseball were well matched, but television has killed baseball and advanced football and ice hockey. Baseball was quite incompatible with the television spectator's role of participation in tactile depth." Obviously anyone under the impression that he enjoyed watching the World Series was quite wrong.

New York Representative **Otis G. Pike** enjoys cruising off Long Island, but he sometimes gets into trouble and he feels that the Coast Guard has not been too much of a help. In Pike's first mishap, his boat struck a lobster-pot buoy which penetrated the hull. "Soon the Coast Guard arrived," Pike reports. "A guardsman came on board and, in only a few minutes, managed to pull the buoy out of the hole in the hull. He was still holding it aloft triumphantly as the water rushed in and the boat sank out from under us." In their next encounter, Pike's engine had quit and the Coast Guard came this time to tow him to the nearest port. He was stranded for two days waiting for a new engine part. Pike's latest go-round with the Guard came about when his new battery ran down. "It really wasn't the young man's fault that between us we managed to drop my new, expensive battery into 12 feet of water," Pike says resignedly, "he couldn't have been nicer." A discreet organization, the Coast Guard thus far has offered no comment on Rep. Pike's seamanship.

◆

Some 200 people were gathered on the Eighth Street embankment along New York's East River recently, unable to figure out how to save a drowning dog. The animal's paws were bloody from his frantic attempts to climb a 20-foot seawall, and he was clearly exhausted when Attorney **Roy Cohn** dived from his yacht *Defiance* to haul the dog to safety. As we all know, a man who loves animals can't be all bad, and a man who loves them enough to brave New York's grubby East River gets several extra points.

It was not exactly sky diving, but it was closer to it than any other dean of St. Paul's Cathedral has ever come. For the opening of the cathedral's youth festival, England's Red Devils, members of a parachute brigade, rigged up an apparatus 40 feet above the cathedral's main entrance to simulate a parachute jump. **Dean Martin Sullivan**, a canon and two vergers joined the young people in stepping into space (the skirts of their cassocks considerably more modest in the circumstances than the many miniskirts) and the dean reported afterward, "I did it because the people wanted me to do it, and I thought it would be rather miserable and cowardly of me if I didn't. It is a most exhilarating feeling ... the only feeling that could better this is to go upwards—without the help of a harness."

Senator **Eugene McCarthy**, onetime first baseman and .300 hitter back in Minnesota in the Great Soo League, covered the World Series for LIFE Magazine, but before he got down to his own work he obliged fellow reporters with the expected political comparison. "If **Richard Nixon** and **Hubert Humphrey** were involved in this they'd insist on their own rules," he observed. "Nixon would demand four strikes and Humphrey would insist on using his book bag for second base."

◆ The batter's form and **Jimmy Hoffa**'s expression make it pretty clear that ball games inside prisons are not of major league caliber. The photograph was smuggled out of the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. Hoffa is due out in time for the 1980 World Series.

●

BASKETBALL / *Joe Jares*

The Beard moves into a new and ticklish pad

Now playing for the Los Angeles Lakers—Wilt Chamberlain. With Elgin Baylor and Jerry West too, the team should be the best ever in pro basketball, but will it be? That probably is up to Chamberlain alone

Guard Keith Erickson of the Los Angeles Lakers ambled out onto the court with his teammates to warm up for an exhibition game one night last week and Seattle Coach Al Bianchi called out to him: "Hey, Keith, who's that new guy you got with the beard?"

The new guy was Wilt Chamberlain, the man who once scored 100 points in a regulation NBA game, the man who once took 55 rebounds against the Boston Celtics. He is now a Laker, joining Elgin Baylor and Jerry West to make L.A.—on paper anyway—the greatest basketball team ever. Of the five best pros playing today—Wilt, Elgin, Jerry, Oscar Robertson and Bill Russell—the Lakers this season have three. The trade that sent Chamberlain from the Philadelphia 76ers to L.A. (to continue this season of sweeping statements) must rank close to the top of the most astounding deals in the history of professional sport. It is as if the Niblets people traded the Jolly Green Giant to Heinz for a soup recipe and two vats of pickles.

The Lakers coughed up more than that, really—Darrall Imhoff, Archie Clark and Jerry Chambers—but it still seemed like a brazen theft by L.A. President Jack Kent Cooke. Now the millionaire ex-Canadian could sit back in his chair at the Forum in suburban Inglewood (where there *are* lakes—artificial ones, to be sure—on the infield of a nearby racetrack) and watch his hirelings batter all comers.

That at least is how it looked on paper. But National Basketball Association games are played on hard, waxed wood and there the perfect deal looks more like a perfectly ticklish situation for Coach Butch van Breda Kolff. If the Lakers win the title, people will say their Aunt Gertrude or Uncle Jack Kent could have done the coaching. If the Lakers fall short, Van Breda Kolff undoubtedly will be made the goat.

And they could. Despite being the most devastating force in the game when he is in the mood, Chamberlain has been on only one championship team in his nine-year pro career. Russell, Robertson, Baylor and West have never been traded. Chamberlain has been traded twice.

A player of Chamberlain's caliber does not get shuttled around without reason, and there is reason in Chamberlain's case. He often acts like a big spoiled kid—he sulks, he refuses to go hard in practice and he has an insidious way of demoralizing a team. The Lakers last season were a happy group, with Van Breda Kolff performing the difficult trick of being both boss and buddy. But harmony can be a fragile thing among pro basketball troupers, especially on their inhuman road trips.

On the record, Laker players are optimistic about the trade, yet not one of them seems genuinely enthusiastic. "I don't think there will be any problems," said West. "We've always gotten along well and that's one reason the Lakers have always had good records in Los Angeles. Last year if we played well, we had a chance to win. Now if we play well, we're going to win."

Chamberlain talks as if it is a fraternity reunion. "Some of these guys I know so well," he said. "I played with Hawk [Tom Hawkins] when I was with the Globetrotters and he was with the College All-Stars. I've known Elgin who knows how many years. I've known West since he was a rookie. Freddie [Crawford] and I go back to when we played in the schoolyards in New York. I feel relaxed with these guys. This has been a much easier transition than from San Francisco to Philly. After six years with one team, it kind of hurt me. I had friends on the 76ers, too, and I'll miss them, but I've known these guys and

ENJOYING LIGHT MOMENT, WEST (CENTER) AND BEARDED CHAMBERLAIN LAUGH IT UP

it's been easier to adjust to them."

Still, there are nagging doubts about these two Chamberlain trades. The first one was in 1965. Chamberlain had moved west more than two years before, when the Philadelphia Warriors became the San Francisco Warriors. Sports page readers were startled when the Warriors peddled him back to their replacements in Philly, the 76ers.

The truth is, San Francisco was happy to get rid of him. Owner Franklin Mieuli figured that the club had poor attendance anyway and that the potentially excellent Nate Thurmond was rusting on the bench, so why not sell Chamberlain and use Thurmond as the nucleus of a new team, a team identified with the Bay Area rather than Pennsylvania? In return for supposedly the game's greatest player, the 76ers gave half a hill of beans: Connie Dierking, who backed up Thurmond; Lee Shaffer, who refused to report, and Paul Neumann, a good guard.

Chamberlain's move from Philadelphia to L.A. was completely different. Although he grew up in Philadelphia and starred at Overbrook High School there, his family left for California five or six years ago and now manages a 32-unit apartment house, the Villa Chamberlain, in an integrated central Los Angeles neighborhood. The Chamberlains are very close and Wilt's father is seriously ill, so there were strong personal reasons for him to want to go west. He had been thinking about it for at least two years.

A business deal was a consideration, too. Chamberlain, who has made at least one trip abroad every summer for 11 years and has been in 63 different countries, had entered into what could be a lucrative arrangement as liaison man between the Diners' Club (headquartered in L.A.) and Fugazy Travel and the Negro market. Diners'/Fugazy wants to open a lot of offices with black managers and black employees.

Philadelphia was pleased to cooperate. There had been bitterness between Chamberlain and 76ers President Irv Kosloff for more than a year. Chamberlain was asking for half of Fort Knox to play and there was that attitude that does not always endear Chamberlain to his teammates. (A few noted how much better practices seemed to go when Chamberlain did not show up, which happened in Philadelphia often enough.)

In between trips for exhibition games Chamberlain drives around L.A. in a Dodge convertible looking for a pad (at last report his Bentley was in San Francisco and his Maserati was in New York). And everybody in the league keeps busy and entertained thinking of reasons why the Lakers' one-two-three punch will miss.

One of the popular theories is that two superstars are company but three will be a crowd, that each guy will bring his own ball. Chamberlain denies this will happen. Baylor and West, as he knows, are fine passers and feed each other often. And for the past three years or so he has been criticized for not shooting enough.

"What I have to learn with this team," said Chamberlain, "is that the guys pass a little better—I don't mean to put Philly's guys down—than I've been used to. They have great peripheral vision."

Another theory has it that Baylor is the team wit and loves being the off-court center of attention, he may resent doing a double with Wilt the Stilt. Could be, but so far the two seem to be getting along, even though Baylor is for Humphrey and Chamberlain is for Nixon. On a flight last week to Phoenix the two were playing crazy eights and good-naturedly accusing each other of cheating. The volume of their accusations increased as they tried to drown one another out. Finally Baylor tried to enlist a third player, West, as a witness to Chamberlain's thievery. West just chuckled and declined to take sides, which might be a good omen.

Several other things are more likely to cause trouble. Chamberlain is a loner. He likes to room alone and he sometimes prefers private transportation over taking the team bus. Baylor and West and probably all the rest would like to room alone, too. Also, though it might seem like a small thing, the Lakers have a clean-shaven image. When Crawford joined them from the Knicks he shaved off his mustache (whether under orders or not he won't say). Chamberlain is still wearing the beard that makes him look like a giant version of Fu Manchu's hyperthyroid son.

There are definite problems on the playing floor, too, but mostly on offense. Chamberlain's 7-feet-plus are such an intimidating defensive factor that opposing teams' shooting percentages are suffering noticeably against L.A. this exhibition season. As with the Boston Celtics and Bill Russell, the Lakers can cover their men more tightly and not worry if they get by because Chamberlain is back there ready to swat their shots into the 18th row. The only trouble with Chamberlain on defense is that often he does not bother to screen out his man after a shot. Usually he does not need to, but his lack of defensive effort spreads to his teammates, who do need to.

On offense, Los Angeles has been a fast-break team, a moving team, the kind of team that Van Breda Kolff loves to coach and watch. With Chamberlain in the lineup last week—and part of this might be the getting-used-to-each-other process—the offense slowed up like a car with sticky valves. For one thing, Chamberlain is not good at taking the ball off the defensive backboard and flipping it out to start the fast break. Some detractors feel he cultivates this deficiency because he knows he has no chance for an assist or a basket on a fast break.

When the ball went into the pivot, things slowed up even more noticeably. Chamberlain seldom passes off to the first man cutting by, he is not used to slipping around his man for a quick dart to the basket; and when he is at the high post the man guarding him quickly drops off him, clogs it up under the hoop and dares Chamberlain to shoot.

In the second quarter against the Seattle Supersonics last Saturday night Van Breda Kolff put Mel Counts at center in place of Chamberlain and the Lakers were suddenly their old selves again, zipping down the court on fast breaks and entertaining themselves and the crowd with clever passes.

The Lakers have really not had an outstanding center since George Mikan back in the Minneapolis days (when there *were* some real lakes around and the nickname made a little sense). There have been Ray Felix, Jim Krebs, LeRoy Ellis, Gene Wiley and Darrall Imhoff, some of whom were pretty good, but the talk was always how the Lakers would be unbeatable if only they had a strong pivot man to go with Baylor and West.

Well, now they have the new guy with the beard. And they might be so good that they will win despite all theories to the contrary. **END**

The racing doctor made the right prognosis

Los Angeles Surgeon Robert Franklyn was sure he had bought a world champion and his colt proved it at the Arc in Paris

VICTORIOUS VAGUELY NOBLE PARADES QUIETLY OVER LONGCHAMP'S TURF

Few spectacles in sport match the elegance of an afternoon of racing on a lovely October day in Paris, and nothing—even in sophisticated Paris—comes close to the excitement that is generated by the running of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. It is a time when racing history is likely to be made, crowds of more than 60,000 know it and relish the opportunity to dress up and celebrate a traditional classic. Visitors come to the Arc from all over, and the colorful pageant moves gracefully up and down the Longchamp escalators, awaiting the running of the mile-and-a-half grass test that is undoubtedly the most difficult race in the world to win.

Long before the 17 horses lined up last week for the 47th running of the Arc, it was agreed that this field was one of the finest ever drawing together classic winners from England, Ireland, Germany and Russia to challenge French supremacy. Not since Sea-Bird whipped a field that included Reliance, Diatome, Amilin and Tom Rolfe in 1965 had the Arc been so star-studded. There was Epsom Derby winner Sir Ivor, the American-bred owned by Raymond Guest, and his conqueror in the Irish Sweeps Derby, Charles Engelhard's Ribero. And there, too, were the German champion Luciano, the Russian star Zbor, the best French distance-runner Dhaudevi and the two leading French 3-year-old fillies, Roseliere and La Lagune.

There was also, in this handsome and impressive field, a bay 3-year-old named Vaguely Noble who, although he could not list a classic victory among his accomplishments, had other major credits. He was the colt bought last December for the record price of $342,720 by a Los Angeles plastic surgeon, Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn ($1, Feb. 19), a man so confident that his agent, Albert Yank, had gotten him a real bargain at the Newmarket Sales in England that he was proclaiming his colt the champion of the world well before shipping him to France to Trainer Etienne Pollet. As he strolled into Longchamp last Sunday afternoon decked out in a brown gabardine suit and a colored tie of the psychedelic school, the doctor's opinion of Vaguely Noble had not changed. "What the hell do I know about horse racing?" he cracked. "My trainer says we have the best horse and that we will win. And I believe him." Dr. Franklyn had gone so far as to let me know a week ahead of Arc day that I could save myself a lot of last-minute deadline worries by writing this story even before I left New York. I did not take his advice.

Well, wouldn't you know. The doctor, who has performed more than 15,000 operations to beautify the American woman, was perfectly correct. Just as Trainer Pollet had told him, Vaguely Noble won the 47th Arc by three lengths over Sir Ivor, in a performance so brilliant that it amazed even those in the huge throng who had sent him to the gate as the 3-to-1 favorite.

Shortly after the start the Russian Zbor took a quick lead, but by the time the field had emerged from Le Petit Bois, midway up the long, demanding hill leading to the steep right-handed slope home, the pace was being set by Luthier and Roseliere. Jockey Bill Williamson had Vaguely Noble perfectly placed in the first group and was never worse than fifth or sixth, while Lester Piggott, on Sir Ivor, was saving ground along the inside the whole trip. He was about 10th going up the hill and sixth midway down it.

As the compactly bunched field straightened out for the three-eighths-of-a-mile slightly uphill run home, Luthier and Roseliere were still head-and-head on the lead. But suddenly Luthier tired and drifted out, and Williamson shot Vaguely Noble into the opening. Pig-

gott had Sir Ivor tight on the rail in fourth place, and when the courageous filly Roseliere gradually gave way, Sir Ivor also broke away from the rest of the pack and took up the pursuit of Vaguely Noble.

It was, however, a futile chase. As the pair of them left the other 15 staggering behind, Williamson confidently hand-rode Vaguely Noble to a very easy victory. With Piggott using his stick freely, Sir Ivor made a quick challenge, but at no time was he really closing the three-length gap. Sir Ivor had four lengths on the late-closing Carmarthen who, in turn, was a length and a half in front of Roseliere. La Lagune, the only other filly in the race, was fifth, while such well-fancied local favorites as Petrone and Dhaudevi were out of the money after never offering even a minor threat.

Williamson, upon dismounting, said that if he had used his whip he believed he would have won by 15 lengths. As it was, Vaguely Noble never felt its sting once. He had refuted those who said he would not run well on a soft track by covering the mile and a half in the good, but not exceptional, time of 2 minutes and 35⅕ seconds (more than four seconds off Soltikoff's 1962 Arc record).

Vaguely Noble is by the stallion Vienna, once owned by Sir Winston Churchill, and is out of the Nearco mare Noble Lassie. *Counting the $236,040* he picked up for winning the Arc, he now has won about $400,000 in nine lifetime starts. "He's paid himself out, all right," said Dr. Franklyn. "It's been a rather interesting gamble, too. Do you realize that last year if we had bought every other ranking 2-year-old in England, Ireland and France we would have spent about $32 million and would not have gotten the winner of the Arc de Triomphe! Interesting, eh?"

Interesting, too, is 50-year-old Dr. Franklyn himself. He made up his mind to come to the Arc only two days before its running. "I went over to Newmarket to see some horses and discovered that prices were up 80%—at least to me they were!" he said. "Then, being so close to Paris, I figured I better come on over to watch our horse run." The doctor wants it known that he is not the sole owner of Vaguely Noble. "Let's say that I am the manager of the group that owns him. There are others involved. For instance, my wife, Willie, my partner, Bunker Hunt, and, oh yes, my favorite golden retriever, J. Brandle Berry-Bush Esq. I wanted very much to have J. Brandle Berry-Bush Esq. here with me, and now I'm a little annoyed that he couldn't come. Imagine, Air France refused to let him come over first class, and naturally I refused to let him travel in the cargo compartment. So he had to stay home."

Dr. Franklyn did not exactly try to take Paris by storm in the manner of Jack Price or this summer's agitated students. While Bunker Hunt and his horse-buying agent and friend Albert Yank came out for some racing at Longchamp the day before the Arc, the doc visited the immensely popular automobile show. On Arc day, the group lunched at the Ritz as the guests of John D. Schapiro, entrepreneur of Laurel's Washington, D.C. International, in company of such well-known French owners as Mme. Suzy Volterra and Daniel Wildenstein. Once at the course Dr. Franklyn, like everyone else, got lost a few times before finding his assigned seats. When Vaguely Noble had safely crossed the finish line everyone jumped into everyone else's arms, and then, of course, they all got somewhat lost all over again trying to find the winner's circle.

Naturally people started asking Dr. Franklyn what he planned next for Vaguely Noble, and just as naturally Dr. Franklyn started the evening off with a few conflicting statements. Would the colt go to America for John Schapiro's International on Nov. 11? First, to the French press, it was, "He's too good for the International. He's now retired." A moment or so later, to a gaggle of British writers, it came out, "We take our hats off to England. Thanks to the Queen, thanks to Sir Winston Churchill and thanks to his breeder, Major Holliday. This horse is a credit to all of them." At this point John Schapiro was tracking better than any golden retriever, including J. Brandle Berry-Bush. And a few hours later it seemed that Vaguely Noble wasn't retired at all. In fact, he was full of run. "Until we discuss it more fully with our trainer," said the doc, "I can't say that we definitely will go in the International. But I think we very easily may. This colt is young, he's sound and he's ready to run. I think it might be foolish not to keep him in training and let him race. [The next day, Trainer Pollet said the colt would not go to Laurel because he would not run well on that track.] I understand Damascus has already accepted. Well, we don't consider him in our league, but it would be nice if Dr. Fager showed up, because we have the best horse in the world and could also beat Dr. Fager by 15 lengths."

From behind his dark glasses the doc's brown eyes twinkled. It was time to go. Phones were about to ring from the breeding farms in Kentucky, England and France. And it was time for an all-night victory party. **END**

MRS. FRANKLYN, AGENT YANK AND TRAINER POLLET CELEBRATE EARLIER TRIUMPH

WINNER JACKIE STEWART'S MATRA-FORO SPORTS THE NEWLY FASHIONABLE AIRFOIL

A Scot wings it at the Glen

Scotland and France are united only by their historical dislike of England, but all three countries got together last Sunday at Watkins Glen, N.Y. to win the United States Grand Prix and add further to one of the most exciting races in years for the world driving championship.

The Scotsman was Jackie Stewart, the car was a French Matra, the engine was a made-in-England Cosworth Ford V-8, and the three performed flawlessly as Stewart led for all of the 248 miles before the usual big crowd (an estimated 93,000 spectators) in the customary cold weather (below freezing in the night) to pass defending champion Denis Hulme and to press this year's leader, Graham Hill, in their three-way race for the title. With only the Mexican Grand Prix on Nov. 3 left on the 12-race calendar, Hill, who finished a distant second to Stewart at the Glen, has 39 points, Stewart 36 and Hulme 33.

But for American racing fans, perhaps the most significant event of the weekend was the fact that Mario Andretti, the Indy driver who was competing in his first Grand Prix ever, woke up race day and found himself sitting right there where he has sat in almost every race he has entered—on the pole. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is a world championship first. The fact that he was forced to retire after just 32 laps of the 108-lap race took nothing away from that accomplishment.

It was no great secret, of course, that Andretti knew how to drive a car; his career has been meteoric. In big cars and stock cars he is one of the elite. Formula I racing, though, was supposed to be another matter. The delicate, twitchy (three-liter, 183-cu.-in.), open-wheel racers represent the highest challenge a driver can be offered. Take a good driver, so they say, give him a year to learn the circuits, and then, maybe, he will be competitive.

Before last Friday, Andretti had seen the Glen circuit only once but had never driven it. So Friday morning he hitched a ride on a fire marshal's pickup truck and trundled around the course to see what the thing looked like, then proceeded to work the kinks out of the car and himself during the next two days. "I can't talk about this car like I can my Indy car," he said. "I don't know it that well. But Colin Chapman [the builder] is very good about figuring out what I mean when I tell him something."

By late Saturday, Andretti was down to a lap time of 1:04.7 (127.98 mph)—very quick but only fourth fastest. Then came the real shocker. Andretti, getting some help from Honda's John Surtees in the form of a slipstreaming tow, slithered around in 1:04.2, a full 1.28 seconds under Hill's year-old practice lap record and half a second better than his own previous best.

Andretti said, "I was pleasantly surprised." Said an aide to Bruce McLaren: "Guys break their backs to pick up tenths of seconds, and he gets down by a half a second. Bloody good, actually."

Another USAC refugee, Indianapolis 500 champion Bobby Unser, was less fortunate in his sluggish BRM factory car, crashing and then blowing an engine in practice. The irony of Andretti and Unser's relative performance at Watkins Glen is that they are locked in a tight duel for the current USAC driving championship—Unser leads by 163 points—and Andretti has indicated that if he loses the title he will drive for Lotus full time in Europe next year.

As the race started Andretti actually led Stewart for half of the first lap before Jackie took over. Andretti made a quick pit stop on the 13th lap to remove a front spoiler that had worked loose and was dragging on the ground, then retired 18 laps later with a fractured clutch.

Stewart's Matra was clearly superior to the rest. At the end he had lapped everybody but Hill, and his final margin over the dapper Englishman was 25 seconds. John Surtees edged Dan Gurney for third on the last lap when Gurney ran out of gas.

In victory Stewart was as witty and gracious as ever, but he saved his best words for Andretti.

"It doesn't surprise me that he went fast," Stewart said, "only that he did it the first time out."

Andretti's feat took most of the attention away from what had been advertised as the week's main attraction—the close race for the Grand Prix driving title—but nothing could mask the weird new look of the racing cars.

At the Belgian Grand Prix in June the Ferraris of Chris Amon and Jackie Ickx suddenly appeared with huge airfoils, or wings, over their rear wheels. The theory was simple. The lightweight racers (minimum weight 1,100 pounds) were getting airborne at high speeds, and the wing would create a downward thrust to keep a car on the ground. At the Glen every factory team had wings, plus anti-takeoff flaps up front. END

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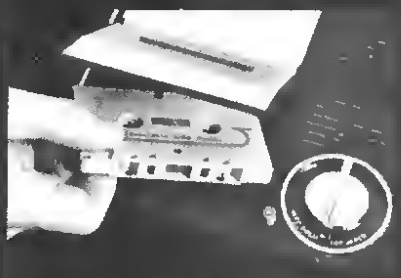

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Victimized by 'a kid's game'

To the foreign stars, veterans of snooker and billiards, the straight pool at New York's international tournament was a costly surprise

It was billed as the world's first International Pocket Billiards Championship—straight pool dressed in a tuxedo under glass chandeliers, all ballroom posh and hush, and pained expressions all around when someone asked if the international entry from Puerto Rico wasn't the same Tony Montalvo who used to hustle nine-ball in Spanish Harlem? "Well," they said, "he was *born* in Puerto Rico." No matter. Three of the other entries were bona fide imports, and if they didn't win last week's tournament at the New York Hotel Commodore, it was only because they had never played the game before.

Hold on a minute. Never?

"That's right—never," said Eddie Charlton, Australia's world open champion of snooker.

Rex Williams grinned as he nodded. He's the world billiards champion from England. "I didn't even know the rules of the game," he said. "A couple of times during a match I wasn't sure of the regulation and I had to guess. It's a hard way to learn a game, in world competition I mean."

The third foreign entry was Kazuo Fujima, the champion of Japan, but his game is rotation. He played his first game of straight pool in a world tournament two years ago, which gave him a slight head start on Charlton and Williams. By contrast, Irving Crane, who won the championship, has been playing straight pool (any ball, any pocket) for 43 years.

Williams and Fujima each won two of their 15 games in the round-robin competition; Charlton won three. "If those Englishmen would learn how to put English on a ball," said Cueball Kelly, the trick-shot artist who was one of the referees, "they'd wipe out a lot of these guys." No one expected any of the threesome to win even one game, and their record was considered remarkable. But Charlton was so annoyed by his performance that he bought a pool table and is having it shipped to Australia. (Snooker is played on a larger table six by 12 feet—with smaller balls and the pockets smaller and rounded.)

"This game is not as exacting as snooker," Charlton said dryly. "I might even say it's a bloody kid's game."

For his victory, Crane earned $4,000. The day after the tournament ended, Williams returned to England where he'll play a seven-week challenge series for $7,200 in addition to $240 appearance money for each match. In the United States pool professionals pay to enter tournaments, pay all their own expenses, rarely win as much as $8,000 in a single year, and usually end with a net of zero. "The promoters have everything their way," said one U.S. pro. "They know we'll play because we love the game—that we'd play for nothing. And not because we expect to make a living at it."

"What the American professionals don't realize," said Charlton, "is that this is a business. You're not just a pool player or a snooker player but a businessman. I wonder if they know this?"

CRANE STUDIES SHOT IN FINAL MATCH

He and Williams were sitting at a small table in a room next to the one where the tournament was being put on. Here a practice table had been set up, and at the moment Joe Balsis, who later would run 150 straight balls against Luther Lassiter, was sharpening his stroke. Nearby, Lassiter, who is the major attraction of any pool tournament, was waiting for his turn on the table. Thirty people were watching Balsis. Inside, less than that number were watching a game in progress. "That's what I mean," said Charlton. "They are giving it away for nothing. The fans get overexposed. It's like overeating. After awhile they won't come to see you play because they've seen all they want."

Williams shook his head. "I don't think they've drawn as many as 100 people a day here. I remember one match Eddie and I played in Sydney. We drew 11,000 fans in six days, and they had to turn away a few thousand more because there wasn't any more room."

Perhaps not as unprofessional as Williams and Charlton believe, the promoters tried to juice up their crowd appeal by importing a bunch of Bunnies from the Playboy Club. They began with two, dressed in miniskirts and blouses, but for the final night, when ABC's *Wide World of Sports* arrived for the climax, the Bunnies had multiplied to eight and had stripped to the legal minimum. "What they are going to do," said Joe Richards, the impish dean of billiard writers, "is give pool a bad name." Someone else suggested that instead of the Bunnies, they should have brought in Minnesota Fats.

"Minnesota Fats!" yelled Cueball Kelly. "I could go out on the street right now and grab the first five people I see, and Minnesota Fats couldn't beat any of them. Hell, he couldn't beat *you*. Besides, don't call him Minnesota Fats. He's New York Fats. He just grabbed that name after Jackie Gleason made that movie. He don't even know where Minnesota is."

On the final night Crane, who had been among the leaders from the first day, needed a victory over Steve Mizerak Jr. to wrap up his championship. A loss would throw him into a three-way tie with Mizerak and Balsis, who was growing stronger with each game he played, and would mean a playoff that could last until the next morning.

"And I don't need that," said Crane.

"Playing all night?" someone asked.

"Playing Balsis again," said Crane, grinning. "He's already beaten me once. He had me 94–12, but I got up to 136 and I left him with one heck of a tough shot. When I sat down I was thinking that he'd never make it. Then I was thinking, 'My God! He made it.' And he ran 56 balls and out. All I could do was sit in that chair and watch. You can't win when you're sitting."

"What's your strategy for Mizerak?"

"Keeping *him* in the chair," said Crane.

For Mizerak, the day had begun normally enough. He was up at 7 a.m., and half an hour later he was on his way to the Grammar School in Perth Amboy, N.J., where he teaches seventh grade history and geography. "I was going to take the day off," he said, "but I chickened out. I had quite a time, yelling at the kids."

"Taking your nerves out on them?" said a friend.

"No, they were taking them out on me. All morning they were sticking their heads out the window, and I got a reprimand from the principal. The next time I catch a kid with his head out the window, the rest of him will follow."

Finally the last game started. Mizerak broke, and Crane, usually conservative, tried a long, difficult shot and missed. "That's the trouble with this game," he said ruefully. "You can play and play and play, and you're still going to miss. That's the part that's hard to take."

Mizerak went to work. Fourteen straight, then another 14. A Bunny stepped up to rack the balls. Her tail fell off. Mizerak grinned at her, dropped 42 more shots and then played safe. And so did Crane, and it went that way until Mizerak gambled and missed, and Crane, a master at controlling the cue ball—and that's the only real secret of straight pool—methodically ran 107 straight shots. Then he missed, gambling on a long bank shot that left him grumbling. "Balls all over the table," he said, "and I can't even see one to shoot."

Mizerak made a run of 15 and another of 31, but he was done. Crane reached 150 and the championship, and Joe Balsis, who had been out in the other room practicing, came rushing into the room.

"What happened?" said Balsis.

"Put away your cue, Joe," a friend said. "It's all over." **END**

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Pro at the conference table

John Gordy, who was an All-America guard at Tennessee and has been an All-Pro for the Detroit Lions three times in his 11-year career, is obviously a formidable football player. In future histories of the National Football League, however, he will be remembered more for leading interference in the conference room. Gordy, the president of the NFL Players' Association, is the John L. Lewis of pro sports.

It was Gordy who hammered out the present agreement between the players and the owners in the first meaningful dialogue between the proprietors of pro football and their minions.

"We had never been able to sit down and bargain as a group," he said the other day. "We weren't recognized as a collective bargaining force until January of this year."

In January, at the annual Players' Association meeting in Miami Beach, the players organized as a labor force to defeat the aims of the Teamsters Union, which was trying to sign a majority under the guidance of Bernie Parrish, a former Cleveland Brown player.

Gordy's negotiating committee consisted of himself, Quarterback King Hill (Philadelphia), Fullback Ernie Green (Cleveland), Tackle Bob Vogel (Baltimore), Linebacker Dave Robinson (Green Bay) and three civilians: Labor Attorney Dan Shulman, Publicist Tom Vance and Business Manager Mal Kennedy. Gordy was the driving force, Shulman, Vance and Kennedy were his companions and advisers during the arduous meetings with the owners.

"From January to July I had dinner with my family only 20 times," Gordy says. "I got almost no rest."

The players asked for a $5 million contribution to the pension fund, $15,000 minimum pay and $500 per game for preseason games. There were other requests but these were the major ones.

"We were using these as starting points," Vance says. "We were willing to negotiate on each. And we did."

When the owners claimed inability to pay as an excuse for not meeting the pension demands, the players asked to see a financial report on the NFL teams, as was their right. The response of the owners was a curious one.

At a meeting in New York they presented the negotiating committee with an uncertified, unaudited report breaking the NFL down into the five high teams, the six middle and the five low teams financially. The report showed the five high teams' average profit before taxes to be $1,186,196, the six middle, $639,313 and the five low, $78,971. The only figures the players had were on Green Bay for 1966, showing a profit of $1,581,000 before taxes.

"The Packers were seventh in attendance and had the third smallest park in the league," Vance, who is a publicity agency owner in Houston, said. "They offered us the right to use our own auditors. We would have to audit the clubs in one month, turn over the figures to the league and take what they wanted to show us. It would have cost $100,000 we didn't have."

The two groups compromised on salary minimums: $12,000, including preseason pay, for two-year men, $13,000 for three years and exhibition-game pay of $10 a day plus $70 to $280 a game. The owners offered $2,550,000 in two years for the pension and the players balked, threatening a strike. The owners came up with $3 million after a tense week in which training camps were closed. It was a victory for the players.

"We won our points with no violence, no demonstrations," Gordy pointed out. "We wanted to be treated like adults."

The labor front in pro football will be quiet until 1970, when the leagues merge. New negotiations will be in order then. It would be to the best advantage of both players and owners if Gordy were still president of the Players' Association. END

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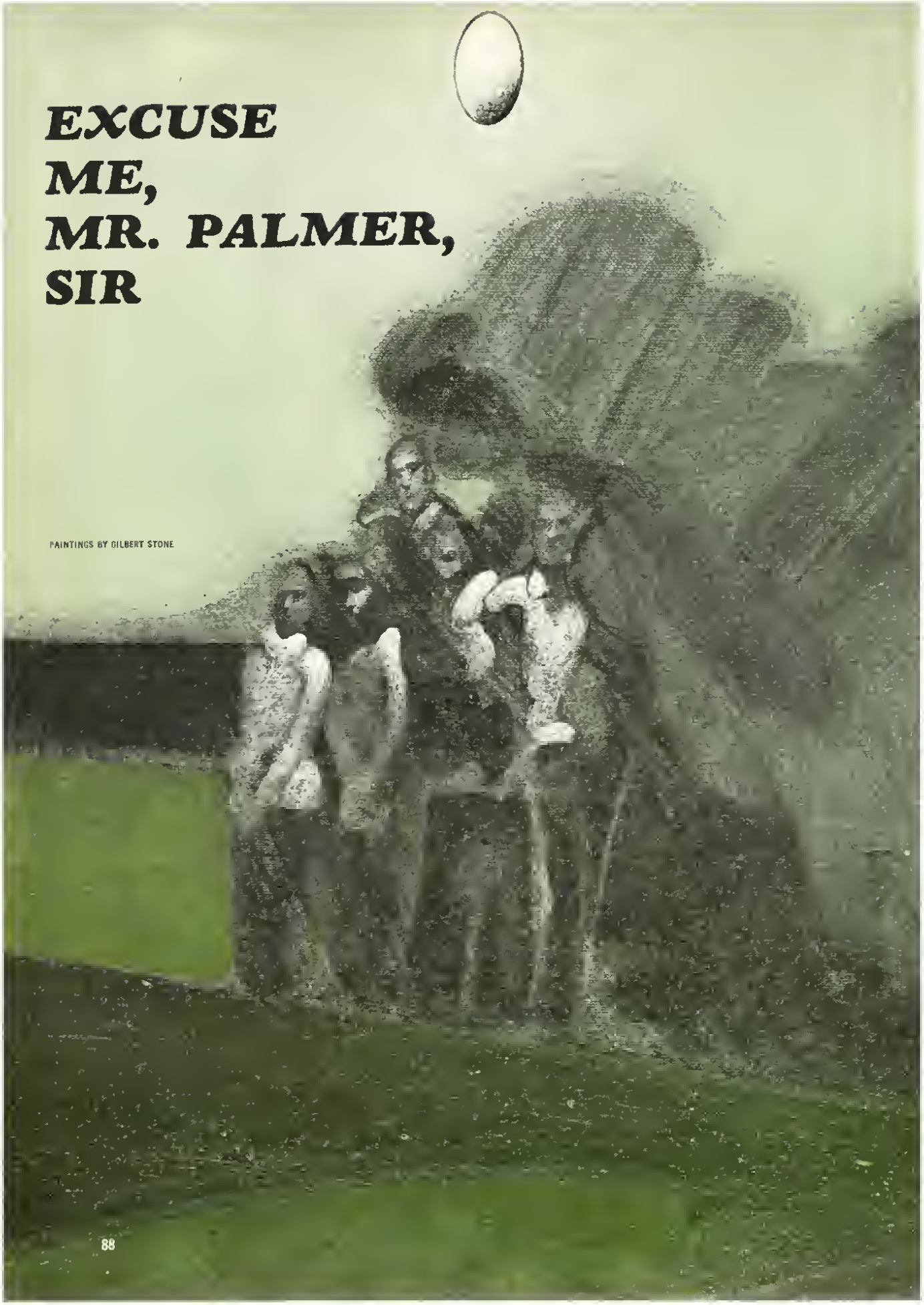

Professional golf has two almost mythic personalities, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer. What happens when a celebrated author, a man who has interviewed some of the world's famous figures, resolves to talk with two such personages? Is there a right—or wrong—way to approach them, to question them? Can he do it without emerging the perfect fool . . . ?

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

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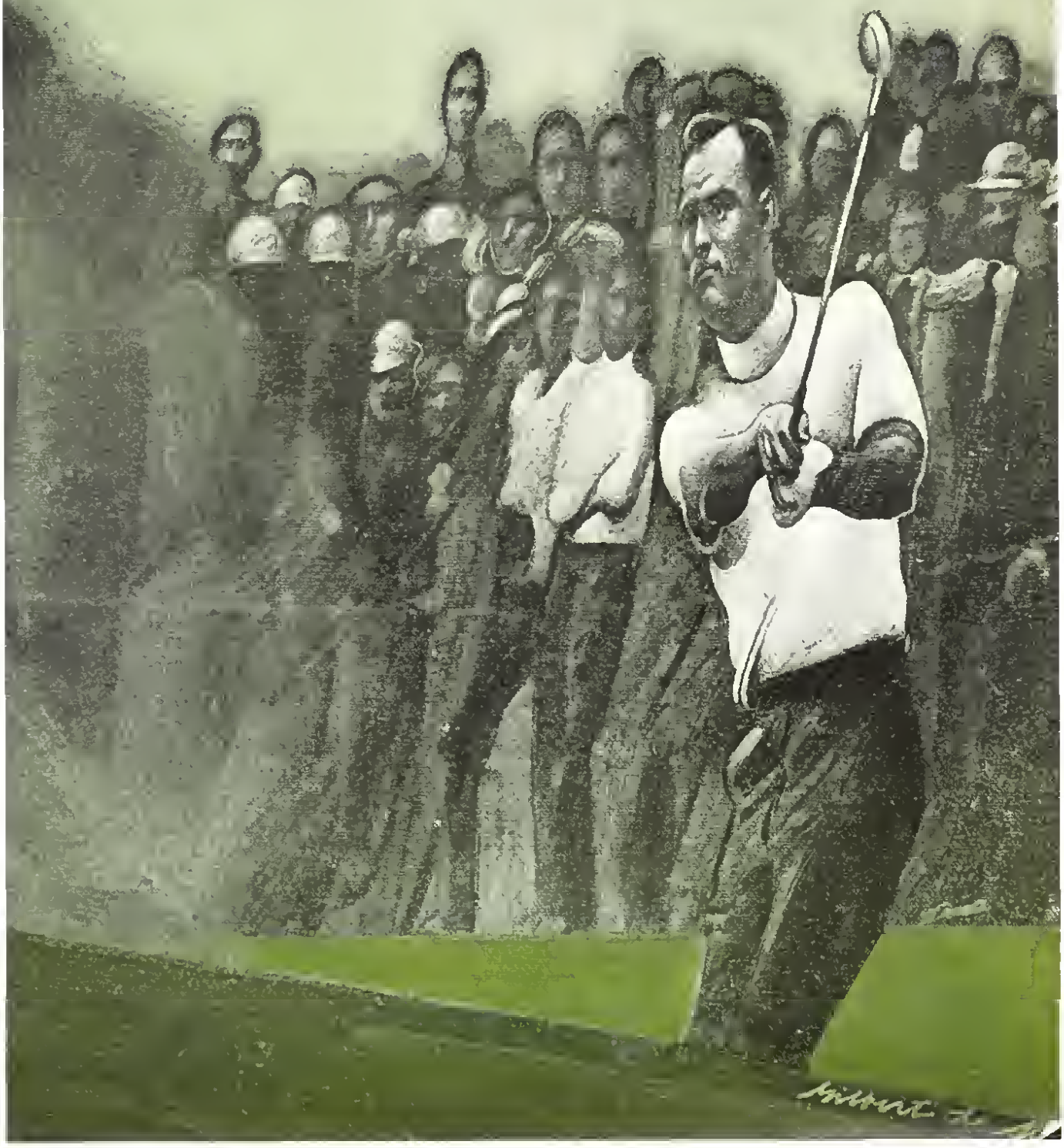

It always took a little push to get oneself to interview the superstars. One stared, and hung around the fringes of the crowds, and among the hangers-on, and there was always the excuse that the stars were bothered enough. But finally it had to be done.

Jack Nicklaus was sitting in the clubhouse restaurant. A mutual friend introduced us. I was taken aback by his voice. It is high and sharp—something quite tough about it, and assured, and yet it turned out he could josh with others and about himself easily and without being arch. When I was introduced he motioned me to a chair and, to ease me into the conversation, he said that the group at the table had been talking about superstitions among athletes.

I said that was a fine topic and one which had always interested me.

Had I any? he wanted to know.

Well, no, I said. I was too scared to have them, at least any serious ones, because they were apt to be time-consuming. Sidewalk cracks, I said, I avoided them.

"The bears get you," he said.

"That's right."

I said I hadn't meant to interrupt. Had he been talking about his own superstitions?

"Oh, anyone's," he said. "Leo Diegel was one of the great players of the 20s—the guy who invented the elbows-out style of putting—and he had the superstition that he was invincible in the state of Maryland. He believed no one could ever beat him there, and he was upset, hell, understandably, when they never scheduled the Open there."

"That oldtimer, Long Jim Barnes?" someone said. "He used to look for clovers, and if he found one he'd keep it in his mouth right through the round."

"How about your own?" someone asked Nicklaus.

He said that if things were going right, oh, he'd go out a certain door, and turn around a corner and head through *this* door, then *that*, and, of course, he'd take the same route to the golf course and he'd keep to the same breakfast if his game was going strong.

"How about clothes?" I asked.

He said, "In 1962, the year I came onto the tour, just out of Ohio State, I'm telling you that you'd have found a better dressed guy out of a refugee camp than I was, I was some sort of bad dresser. In the Open I was wearing a pair of $12 retail pants, irideseent olive-green-blue—like the belly color of a bottle fly. I got to thinking they were good-luck pants. In those days you played 36 holes on the last day. Terrific heat that year. I'm telling you . . ." He turned the coffee cup in his hand. "I found out that superstition wasn't all you had to think about. You had to think about how you looked. There were those guys who'd come up who *knew*—I mean, they wanted to tell you that for, hell, for *sanitary* reasons you couldn't wear the same trousers day after day. They had these pained expressions, but that was because they didn't quite know how to come up to a guy and say, 'Hey, listen, you got to change your pants.' Well, I didn't. When I came out for a playoff against Arnold, well, I wasn't going to change those pants that day. And I won. That was one good pair of pants."

Everyone around the table laughed.

"Of course, every year I carry a buckeye," he said.

"I've never known what that is—a buckeye," I admitted. "Other than the state symbol for Ohio."

"It's a poisonous nut," Nicklaus said.

"Oh."

"Squirrels won't fool with it. It's nothing. But I'll tell you what is good for me. The songs are helpful."

"The songs?"

"I do a lot of humming out on the course. I tend to stay with one song, you know, the sort of song that sticks in your mind and you can't get it out. I find my whole game shifts and becomes involved. I shot a 66 to *Moon River*. You remember *Georgy Girl*, that great song, how does that line go, 'Why do all the fellows pass you by?' I did pretty good with that one. Once in Chicago, playing with George Archer and George Knudson, I changed it to *Georgy Boy*. I don't know what they made of it."

"What sort of a voice does this stuff come out in?" I asked.

"A flat monotone," Nicklaus said. "You remember *Answer Me, My Love?* Well, we won an awful lot on that one, too."

"What else works from the outside—like the songs?" I asked. "I mean, do you ever get advice from unexpected quarters?"

"You mean from the galleries? Oh, I get these letters. 'Jack, I was sitting at the 4th at Bermuda Dunes, and when you came through today I noticed your elbows were *lower than they were yesterday*.' That sort of thing. I once got a letter from a woman, with illustrations, all diagramed with arrows, that had 55 ways suggested as to how I could improve my game. Or a letter will come in, and the author will say very simply 'I will fix your putter.' The best one I ever got was from someone who wrote in after I had played two real bad rounds. The message was 'I know why you didn't make the cut. You snubbed me.'"

Someone at the table said, "Lawson Little tells that story about the 1940 Open—the playoff against Sarazen at Canterbury—and how this guy comes up to him on the 5th and asks if he inhales or exhales on the backswing. It's a miracle he took Sarazen after that, but he did."

"How much psyching goes on?" I

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Two years ago, on assignment by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, George Plimpton spent five weeks as an amateur taking part in tournaments on the professional golf tour and subsequently wrote of his deeds and misdeeds (*Zero on the Tour*, Jan. 30, 1967). During that period he accumulated many impressions of the sport and its personalities, which he has now combined with some later golfing adventures into a book, *The Bogey Man*, to be published in early November (Harper & Row, $5.95). *Excuse Me, Mr. Palmer, Sir* and succeeding parts are essays from *The Bogey Man*.

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asked "Are there players who try to unnerve their opponents?"

"There's not so much of that," Nicklaus said "After all, there is so little match play these days. Your opponent is your golf course—he's the fellow you're struggling against Of course, on a practice round players will have fun with each other—give each other what are called 'Dutch Harrisons.' "

"What are those?" I asked

"Dutch Harrison was a great needler on a golf course, a guy who'd throw you off-balance with a comment or two I'll tell you who's good at it these days. Chi Chi Rodriguez Little guy, you know, big as nothing. but a long, long hitter, who, if he's got a sun-baked course, can expect a long roll for himself Well, I'll hit a drive, and mine are high shots, big trajectory, a ball that doesn't gain much advantage from a roll along the ground So then Chi Chi, if he feels he can outdrive me, if he's got the right sort of golf course, well, he shakes his head, oh very sorrowfully indeed, and he says, 'I don't know how the golf ball can *take* a shot like what you give it,' and he shakes his head again like something awful has happened, like maybe something's been *broken* And then he steps up and hits *his* drive, which is patterned to take advantage of the hard ground, and he's *by* you with a shot, a good way out, and if you let this sort of thing bother you, well, you can press, and find yourself in trouble "

"You have busted them, though," someone at the table said.

Nicklaus looked puzzled

"A ball, I mean "

"Oh, when I was an amateur. When I was 13 I exploded a Maxfli 3 at the 5th hole in York Temple I hit an eight-iron and the ball went 40 yards I went and looked at it and it was squashed, just there at the foot of the lake "

"How much ribbing goes on when you play with Arnold Palmer?" I asked Nicklaus

"Not too much," Nicklaus said "Oh, we kid around a bit Arnold'll come in with a 75 and I'll say, 'Gee where'd you get all your birdies?' Or when I come in he'll say, 'Nice round. What'd you shoot?'—in that order. We give nicknames to the girls in the gallery sometimes We found a great one in Paris—'Blackie' we called her—and she turned out to be the daughter of a four-star general "

"It sounds like a lot of fun out there," I said

Someone hitched his chair at the table and there was a perceptible pause Then Nicklaus said, "You see me down on the practice tee today?"

"Sure," I said

"I'm about 5,000 shots away from being right "

"I see "

"But there's got to be a moment or so when you can relax "

"Sure," I said "Absolutely "

Arnold Palmer was more difficult to see, and immeasurably more forbidding. I called him once on the phone. Someone else answered and said he was not available I heard the murmur of voices in the background, a loud, sudden laugh and the clink of ice in glasses The crowds were always there—even in his private quarters As for his presence in public, a circle of people collected and moved along with him as soon as he appeared at the locker room door—the front runners of his Army, and they were with him at the end of his golfing day, accompanying him back to the locker room and standing around waiting once he had disappeared, as hopeful as dogs at a kitchen door, just in case he should turn up again.

I asked a sportswriter acquaintance if he had any suggestions as to how to interview Palmer, any hints as to what would make him, well, unwind, so that I could catch some essence of his charisma—that is, if I could get to him for an interview at all The answer was not encouraging Palmer had been asked everything, I was told. Questions seemed to bore him—the obvious ones to the point of annoyance An interviewer, unless Palmer knew and appreciated him, had to be lucky to get much out of him beyond the usual platitudes

Well, that certainly put me out of luck, I said, because I didn't know him, and as for being appreciated, my only credential was that I had trotted around in his Army.

continued

My informant, however, did have one suggestion. "What makes Palmer *unwind*, to use your word," he said, "is to be asked something that really catches his fancy—a question out of the ordinary, something unexpected which he hasn't been asked before.

"For example," he said, "I asked him once, just offhand, about the rumors of odd deportment on the ladies' golf tour. You know, things like lesbianism. Well, that really sparked him, he stayed on that subject for nearly an hour."

"Oh," I said.

"That's how you can get him going, some out-of-the-ordinary question."

"Yes, I can see," I said.

He asked: "What did you have in mind to quiz him about?"

"Well, I'm not going to ask him how he *feels*," I said, "if that's what you're worried about. I wanted to ask him about the yips, shaky putting, you know—unless you think that's a bad idea."

"That's tricky, of course. I mean it could be like asking a terminal case about his disease."

"Then I was going to ask him about crowds and nerves," I said, "and maybe what he thinks about when he hits a shot. Things like that."

"Oh, yes," he said doubtfully.

"Well," I said, casting my mind around, "perhaps I should pop him with a psychological question. Is he ever struck by the *lunacy* of scraping a golf ball across the countryside and dropping it periodically into a hole. Is he playing out some internal frustration—"

"I wouldn't demean the game he plays—no," my informant said.

"Perhaps I could ask him about his dreams," I said, sticking to the psychological approach. "I mean, does a golfer have different dreams than, say, a dentist?"

"I'll tell you one thing," the writer said. "Palmer gets up at 2:00 every morning and without fail he goes to the icebox and drinks a Coca-Cola. Absolutely without fail. At least, that's the story they tell. There was this one time long ago when some of the guys were supposed to have barricaded his room after he'd gone to sleep—they slid a bureau up against the door, and an armchair or two, and then they waited to see what would happen at 2 a.m. When the time came, they heard Palmer groan in there and stir around, and they heard the turn of the door handle behind the bureau and the creak of the door being tried. Then there was a crash and the scrape of the furniture they'd set up being moved back, the whole mass of it pushed aside as Palmer put his shoulder to the door—y'know, he's so damn strong, a bull—and he came through with hardly a glance at the golfers sitting around on his way to the kitchen refrigerator. They said he looked half-asleep, a somnambulist, and the next morning he had forgotten it. He vaguely remembered the noise of the furniture scraping back across the floor. He said, 'What were you guys doing in there last night throwing chairs? Hell of a racket!'"

The writer concluded: "The fact is that the hardest thing is to get Palmer aside long enough to *ask* him something, much less to think up a worthwhile question. He gets bothered all the time, so he's wary."

"Yes, I've heard that," I said.

Frank Gifford, the football player, had told me about a dinner at P. J. Clarke's restaurant in New York, a big pleasant hangout which many athletes frequent. He was sitting with Palmer, and behind them, at another table, a man kept leaning across and touching Palmer on the shoulder, pushing a question or two, perhaps a comment, trying to insinuate himself into their circle. Gifford was more annoyed, he said, than Palmer. It was a farewell dinner for Palmer, who was leaving for a trip abroad—Cairo, or some such place—early the next morning. The man's efforts seemed impertinent. Then, to Gifford's astonishment, he realized the man was trying to hustle Palmer. He was trying to *goad* him into a match.

"I'd seen the guy around before," Gifford said. "I knew he was a damn good golfer—a country-club player—but it was hard to *believe*. I mean, he was telling Palmer that he didn't think that there was that much difference between a crack amateur and a pro, and he was willing to prove it."

He wanted to tee off the next morning, he offered Palmer his choice of golf courses in the vicinity, the only concession he wanted was a handicap of one stroke a side. The two would play $500 Nassau—that is to say, a bet of $500 a side and $500 more on the final outcome of the match. Palmer was very polite in refusing. He half-turned in his chair and said that he was flying out for the Middle East early the next morning, it really wasn't something he could fit in.

The amateur put on a smug expression and he hitched his chair around to turn back to the people at his table. His voice rose as he explained how the great golfer, the pro-*fess*-ion-al, had backed down. He was pretty exuberant. He clicked his fingers and ordered a beer.

Suddenly Palmer swung his chair around. He tapped the man on the shoulder. He said: "All right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll postpone my trip to Cairo. We'll tee off at Winged Foot at 9:00 tomorrow morning. O.K.?" The man was staring at him, astonished. "Except I'm not giving you one stroke a side, I'm giving you *two* strokes. And we're not playing a $500 Nassau. We'll play a $5,000 Nassau."

Gifford said you could hear the man gulp. He looked down at the tabletop, and he never said another word. Palmer looked at him a bit, and then swung back to his table, disgusted. Palmer really would have stayed, Gifford felt. He wasn't trying to scare the man off by increasing the size of the bet, he had just been trying to make it worth his own while to postpone the trip. As a competitor he was interested in the challenge, perhaps even in the man who had made it. But then he had swung around and leaned half out of his chair and confronted the challenger, so that the man was suddenly looking into that familiar face with the eyes full blast on him, and that had folded the amateur up, he had gulped and felt foolish.

"That's it," I said to the sportswriter—thinking back on the Gifford story. "The guy's so big in his sport that you have to crank up all this nerve to face him, even if you just want to ask him a couple of questions . . ."

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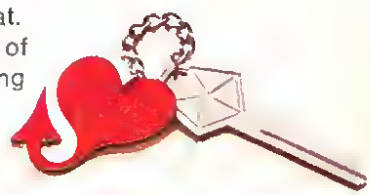

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THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

"Well, good luck," he said

One afternoon just after a round, I joined the group that surrounded Palmer and leaned in among them to ask if he had a moment. He looked at me quickly. I explained I was a writer. He said he was awfully busy. I was surprised by his voice, which was very clear and loud, almost a honk, the sort many public figures seem to have, as if their interlocutors were a bit deaf. I was shoved at by some people trying to get pieces of paper to him to sign.

He looked at me again. "I'm going out to the practice range to hit a few balls," he said. "You can talk to me out there if you want."

"That would be fine," I said.

I trailed him across the clubhouse lawn toward the range. His caddie, Bob Blair, moved on ahead. The crowd moved with Palmer, the hands with the slips of paper out, and he would collect a paper and cup it against one palm, bending slightly, and sign it. He signed a napkin. "What can they want with them?" he asked.

The napkin began to disintegrate under the pen. Palmer turned his body to shield the paper from the crowd.

"I'm going to send this to my son," the napkin man said.

We reached the practice range. Palmer stepped over a retaining rope and motioned me after him. I stood in front of him with my notebook out. The crowd pressed up against the rope, very quiet now, and respectful—craning to see. His caddie tipped a bag of balls, spilling them out, and then walked out on the range.

I was unnerved by the crowd, which had about 50 people in it. The notion of asking some of the more particular questions—the one on dreams, perhaps, or as a last resort the one about lesbianism on the women's tour—in front of that group was unsettling, particularly if the answers were to be delivered in Palmer's strong declamatory style. I stood shifting uneasily. I began writing busily in my pad, as if my function rather than to quiz him was to sketch a word portrait of him at practice. I looked at him only sporadically while he was concentrating on a shot, so that he wouldn't catch my eye and force me to ask something. I used up a number of pages, flipping them briskly. My notes read as follows:

He takes almost a minute between each practice shot—as if each is a separate challenge. He begins with the high-loft irons. He fishes a ball out of the pile in front of him, setting it up daintily with the toe of his iron on a raised lie.

When he hits, there is a rush of clothing in abrupt motion, a spray of dirt and the ball soars. We all stare at its flight. The sun is setting behind us. Blair shades his eyes. Ball lands just beside him. He jumps. Could not have seen it. Pops ball into bag. Shades eyes. Palmer fussing around. Strips cellophane covering from new club. Hefts it. Has 20 clubs or so lying in front of him to try. Is his touch really so sensitive that he can tell one of the clubs from another? Must ask. Clear throat to ask. Decide not quite right moment.

Man in crowd behind rope suddenly asks, "What do you think of alums, Arnie?" meaning the aluminum shafts golfers are beginning to experiment with. Palmer's face lost in thought. Long pause. Palmer sets up ball. Then delivers opinion. Very clear voice. Says that aluminum shafts are an interesting development. Everybody reflects on his statement. He hits iron shot. Everyone stares at its flight fixedly. Soars out. Blair takes three, four hurried steps to left, and ball hits and bounces where he was.

"Yah, it's an interesting development," Palmer says. The same man ventures. "That an aluminum shaft you're using there?"

Everyone leans forward slightly.

"About half of these clubs are aluminum, the other half steel."

Everyone backs away, informed.

An airplane goes over, its motor very loud in the mist. Palmer looks up. Everyone looks up.

Time for another club. Strips cellophane wrapping. Hefts it. Motions Blair back.

All his practice balls are new and are marked Palmer 1. He strips glove off glove hand to get feel of club. His glove hand is dyed purple from the glove. Enormous wrists.

Another man asks. "That a four-iron you got there, Arnie?" Perceptible leaning forward again.

A pause. For dramatic effect? Palmer says: "No, got a five here."

Everyone sways back, satisfied.

I clear throat to ask about the yips. Decide not quite right moment.

Airplane going over. Big noise. We all look at it.

Palmer moves to wood shots. Blair is in the distance. He hardly seems associated with what Palmer is doing. Palmer compresses lips when he hits but there is no grunt. Only sound is rush of clothing, the click of the ball, and then the tee kicks up. The pile of tees in front mounts up. Big clutter. Cellophane wrappings. Clubs. Maybe 30 clubs. Piles of tees next to balls. Kicked-up tees out in front. Tees all red.

Palmer muttering to himself.

Marty Fleckman just down the line, hitting out irons. Palmer stops his routine to watch him. Fleckman had a good day, 69, three under. Young man, beginning career. Small man. Dark tan. White Hogan golf cap.

Palmer says. "Well, what'd you do?" "Three."

Palmer looks at him. "Three? Sixty-three?"

"No. Three under. A nine. A 69."

"Oh, 69."

Palmer had round of 72 that day. But no doubt who is who. Crowd grins and rocks back and forth, delighted with exchange.

Palmer goes over and looks in Fleckman's bag. Hefts some irons. Palmer impressed by weight of Fleckman's irons. "How you swing these things?" he asks.

Fleckman makes a noncommittal murmur.

Palmer. "Well, you're young and strong and healthy."

Fleckman: " but not wealthy."

Palmer: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Crowd delighted. Everyone stares at

continued

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Palmer to see if he has answer for Fleckman's quip.

Palmer: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

My notes from the practice range ended at this point. Palmer was done with his practice. He motioned Blair in and, turning, he hitched at his trousers in a quick, characteristic gesture and stepped over the retaining rope. The crowd closed in around him immediately. I tried to keep close to him. I said I hoped he could spare me a moment or two in the locker room. I explained lamely that I hadn't really wanted to disrupt his practice with questions.

"Well, all right," he said. "I've had a lot today, though."

He kept signing papers as we walked for the clubhouse, the people calling to him, "Hey, Arnie," "Arnie," "Arnie." There was a big jam at the locker-room door, and he had difficulty getting through.

It was quiet in the locker room. "Boy those crowds are something!" I said. "I don't suppose you ever get used to them."

He sat down on the bench and scaled off his golfing glove. The quietness was almost palpable and his voice was very loud in it. "There's one woman here who embarrasses me half to death—she's always yelling these little endearments, 'darling,' 'lover boy,' 'sweetie.' I come down the fairway thinking about my next shot and I suddenly hear her bellow out of the gallery, 'Go, lover!' It's not the best thing for your concentration."

"Are there people who follow you from tournament to tournament?"

"Yeah, yeah," he said, the honking voice somewhat mournful, I thought, and I said to myself, oh my, this is familiar country and dull.

"There is a doctor from Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania," he was saying. "He turns up at every tournament. He's retired, I think, getting on toward 80 years old by now, and he's always there—Japan, Australia—and I'll be walking through the hotel in one of those places—Melbourne, Kyoto, I don't care where—and there he'll be, eating a steak, alone, in a corner."

Someone, a locker-room attendant I suppose, handed him a pack of letters. He removed a rubber band and began opening them, scanning them quickly and setting the ones he wanted to keep on the bench beside him. The others, the trash mail I assumed, he crumpled and dropped on the floor.

I was going to launch the question about dreams, but I thought better of it and asked about advice—did any of his admirers, golfers or not, the people who yelled "Sweetie," with all that concern they had for him to win, did any of them come up with advice?

Palmer looked up from his mail and said that a guy once told him that he was catching his elbows on a rather loose sweater he was wearing.

"But you know it's against the rules to accept information from people on the golf course."

"I didn't know," I said.

"A guy who could afford it might have four specialists, or a dozen, out there on the course advising him. That's why they have the rule."

"Oh, yes," I said slowly, my fancy rather struck by the thought of a convocation of advisers over a difficult shot—a clutch of them *sitting* around on shooting sticks, the binoculars out, the pencils and the slide rules working like military people studying maps on war maneuvers.

"The only intrusions I'm aware of," Palmer was saying, "are the cameras—the whir and click of them. Of course, these have been banned from the courses recently, so it hasn't been anything of a problem."

"Hi there, Arnie!" A man looked around the corner of the locker.

"Howzitgoin'?" Palmer said pleasantly.

"Great! Great! Great!" the man said. He fussed for another sentence, but nothing was forthcoming; he backed away and disappeared around the corner.

"Superstitions?" I asked. "Do you indulge in any rituals?"

"Oh, no," Palmer said, almost in disgust it seemed, in that loud honking voice. "Oh, sure, I wear certain outfits on cer-

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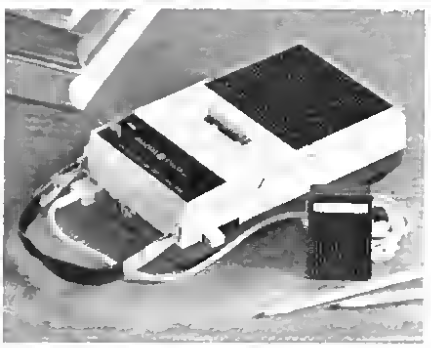

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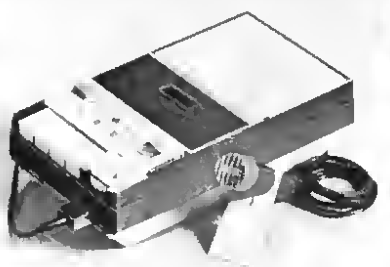

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tain days I use the same marker to mark the ball."

"Do you stick to a ball throughout a round if it's going O K for you?" I asked

"A golf ball loosens everytime you hit it, even one shot loosens it. So your professional golfer'll change his ball every three holes or so—though, of course, he'll stick to the same trademark." He spoke as if by rote, or as if reading from a training manual

I cleared my throat and asked him about the yips and the chokes

He ripped open a letter and dropped the contents between his toes: "Well, I'd call them pretty close cousins Choking is a stage of the yips Both of them have to do with being unable to study, to concentrate. It's true that a golfer can get a nerve problem that can't be helped Those are the yips Hogan and Nelson got them, to say that Ben Hogan or Byron Nelson *choke*, I mean that's crazy But both of them, the choking and the yips, I say, are connected with losing the ability to concentrate, and in various degrees that happens to all of us But you can escape it, get out of it When I'm working well, I just don't think I'm going to miss a shot or a putt, and when I do I m surprised as hell I can't believe it A golfer must think that way He must say to the ball, 'Go to that spot' The best players who ever played must have thought that way, *willing* the ball there, you see I don't mean to suggest that it's easy In fact, the hardest thing for a great many people is to win They get scared And they *doubt* Which gets them into trouble Of course, that s not Nicklaus' problem."

"I suppose one big win gets you over that problem"

"No Because you got to want to win more, fast The temptation if you win is to coast for awhile You begin to think that to run high in the pack is enough Well, that's the end of you" He rubbed his chin He snapped the rubber band from his letter packet.

"The competitive thing in golf isn't for everyone. And it hasn't got anything to do with age or horsepower."

"I see," I said

"Well," he said

I could see that he felt he had talked enough

"I had this question about dreams," I said hurriedly "I wonder if you could sort of talk about that . . . what you dream . ." My voice trailed off He seemed to be staring at me, but then I noticed his eyes were fixed at a point over my left shoulder. "Hey, Albie!" he shouted. I looked around. A man wearing a small green apron, the locker-room attendant apparently, appeared around the corner of the locker "What you done with my shoes?"

"In your locker, Mister Palmer. You think I ate 'em?"

Palmer rocked back and forth on the bench "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

The man in the apron grinned. "You think I don't take care of you, Mister Palmer?" He turned away

"Albie, you're a brother Haw! Haw! Haw!"

I looked back at Palmer His face was solemn again, his jollity as swift as a wince. He was sliding off his golf shoe.

"You wanted to tell me about some dream you had," he said without looking up.

"No, not exactly," I said.

His voice sounded very tired.

I looked at my notes.

"Listen," I said. "On the PGA tour, the WPGA is it? The women's tour, that is, there is said to be. . . ."

"It's the LPGA—the *ladies* professional golf . ."

"Oh, yes," I said "Well on the tour, I am told, there is, er, supposed to be this high incidence. . . ."

"Hi, Arnie!" Another man had poked his head around the corner "Damn good to have you here."

"Howzitgoin'?" Palmer said quite pleasantly.

"Oh, it's just going great, Arnie," the man said He made an abrupt motion with his fist. "You're going to take this goddamn thing, Arnie . . . you're going to have one great day tomorrow, I'm telling you"

"We're going to sure give it a try," Palmer said

"Well, great, Arnie," the man said.

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His face, so full of expression and concern, froze suddenly, and then went vacant as he gazed at the golfer looking sleepily at him, his eyes popped ajar slightly. "Well, so long, Arnie," he said. He disappeared abruptly around the corner.

Palmer ripped open his last letter.

"Well, how's that for you?" he asked. "That enough?"

I looked up from my notes. I wanted to say that I had just a question or so more, if he didn't mind, but I didn't.

"Oh, sure," I said. "You've been very kind." I stood up and shuffled my notes together. "Absolutely great." I began backing away. I wanted to shake his hand in gratitude for his time, but Palmer was staring down between his feet. "Great," I said. "Thanks." I backed around the corner of the locker.

I had the quick sense of failure—that I had been accorded valuable time and had not made the best of it. I walked from the clubhouse out into the afternoon. I began singing to myself—a manifestation of embarrassment that a friend of mine refers to as "the hummings"—making loud noises in one's head to drive out discomfiting thoughts. I often have them—the hummings—waking up in the morning and thinking back on the indiscretions of word or deed the evening before. The WPGA, I thought, boy that wasn't so hot Why hadn't I done better with him, I wondered. The confusion over the dreams. I had been just as clumsy and ill at ease with him as the two men who had come around the corner of the lockers full of things to say and whose confidence had drained like meal from a split sack at the sight of him, his proximity. Perhaps one expected too much of such superstars—that one would sit in front of them awestruck and gape-jawed and no effort was necessary: one would simply bask in their presence. Of course, Palmer had not been particularly easy. Driving back to the motel I began to take it out on him. Boy, he let me down! If he knew how I strained watching him on television to help him sink that putt: or how an evening was just a little bit off if that afternoon I'd watched him charge the lead-

continued

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ers of the tournament and just fail; or the long gloom and worry reading in the paper that he hadn't made the cut of some tournament in the West, as if some prop had been knocked out of the great order of things.

Lord, I wondered, am I going to desert him for Nicklaus, or Casper, or someone. . . ?

I found out the last day of the tournament. I was no longer involved as a competitor, so I could stick with whichever golfer I chose. I toyed with some of the others. But I found myself drawn inexorably to Palmer's Army. I joined them. I craned to see what he was up to. I agonized over his play. "Drop, drop!" I shouted along with the others at a long putt as it went for the hole, and when it did drop I let out a great cry of delight. "Man, he did it!" I shouted happily at the stranger next to me. He was a man wearing a straw boater with a brim that read GO ARNIE. His eyes were glistening with excitement. We pounded each other on the back.

"D'ja see him *will* that ball in there," I cried.

The other man nodded wildly. He seemed speechless.

"There wasn't the slightest doubt in his mind."

He shook his head vehemently.

We moved happily for the next tee.

"That fellow doesn't coast," I said. "He's got to win."

On my way my companion caught his breath. "He really *attacked* that hole," he said in a high wheeze.

"Damn right."

We were trading familiarities about Palmer.

"Guy's got a million-dollar jet," the man said. "He's got it all."

"Yes," I said. "I'll tell you something else. He has a Coke every morning at 2 a.m."

"Oh?"

I had him there.

NEXT WEEK

Two vignettes from the high and the low of amateur golf: the tension at a posh pro-am when a ball gets stuck in a ball washer, and the murderous midnight of a driving-range maniac.

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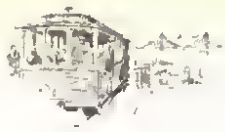

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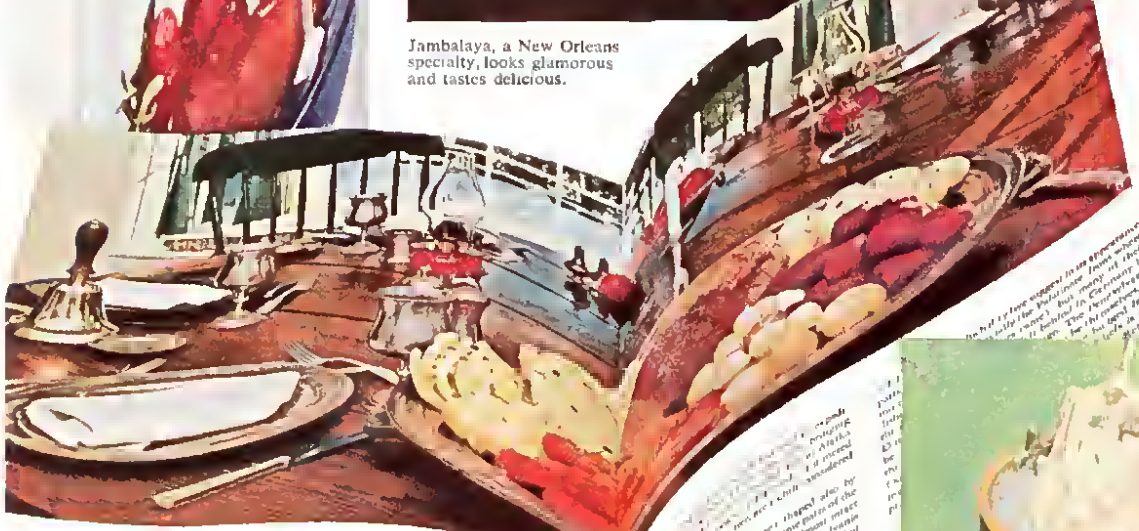

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BILLIARDS—IRVING CRANE defeated Steve Mizerak in the final match to win the International Pocket Billiards Championship in New York. With a 13-2 won-lost record, Crane received $4,000 for first place, Joe Balsis 12-3, was second, and Mizerak was third *(page 82)*

BOXING—"I don't want to sound like a bad loser, but we were robbed," said Levan Roundtree's manager, Al Meggett, after his fighter had knocked down and cut up Australia's BOB DUNLOP, the No. 7 ranked light heavyweight, but lost a 10-round decision in Sydney Australia

DOG SHOWS—"The setter's condition was excellent and he moved faultlessly," said Judge Albert E. Van Court as he selected CH. MAJOR O'SHANNON, a 4½-year-old Irish setter, best-in-show at Devon, Pa., over 1,910 entries

FOOTBALL—NFL Quarterbacks continued to take a beating and the casualty list climbed BALTIMORE (4-0) with Earl Morrall standing in for Johnny Unitas as he has since the beginning of the season, outpassed Chicago's (1-3) third string Larry Rakestraw. It was no contest. Morrall completed 14 of 25 for 302 yards and four touchdowns, and the Colts won 28–7. MINNESOTA's (3-1) Joe Kapp suffered a concussion, was replaced by Gary Cuozzo who in turn broke his left shoulder but stayed in to direct an 80-yard touchdown drive that gave the Vikings a 7–3 lead over Detroit (2-2). With no Viking quarterbacks left, Kapp returned and guided Minnesota to two fourth-period scores and a 24–10 win. GREEN BAY (3-2) made Norm Van Brocklin's return to the NFL coaching ranks an unpleasant one as he watched his Atlanta Falcons (0-4) take a 38–7 beating. LOS ANGELES (4-0), with Roman Gabriel passing for one touchdown and running for another, defeated San Francisco 24–10. The 49ers (2-2) threatened to upset the Rams but probably lost the chance when Quarterback John Brodie was injured after a keeper play in the fourth quarter. Philadelphia Quarterback Norm Snead made his 1968 debut, after recuperating from a broken leg suffered in an exhibition game, but the Eagles (0-4) still lost to WASHINGTON 17–14. The Redskins' (2-2) Sonny Jurgensen passed for a touchdown and ran for another. The NEW YORK defense was liberal as the Giants (4-0) defeated New Orleans (1-3) 38–21. The defense gave up 314 yards but intercepted three passes and recovered a fumble. Quarterback Fran Tarkenton turned most of the Saints' errors into scores as he threw for three touchdowns. CLEVELAND (2-2) benched Frank Ryan and gave former Steeler Bill Nelson his first chance to start. Nelson completed 16 of 25 passes, Leroy Kelly ran for 128 yards and the Browns posted their highest point total of the season to beat Pittsburgh (0-4) 31–24. DALLAS (4-0) jumped off to a quick 10-point lead, then bogged down until St. Louis (1-3) tied the game in the third quarter. The threat of an upset was enough, the Cowboys quickly scored 17 points to win 27–10

AFL. NEW YORK's (3-1) Joe Namath failed to hit a touchdown pass and was, in fact, ordinary (16 of 34), but he was also cautious and threw no interceptions. San Diego's (3-1) John Hadl passed for three touchdowns but was intercepted three times and the Jets won on a last minute scoring play, 23–20. MIAMI (1-3) won its first game, defeating Houston 24–7, and the loss all but knocked the Oilers (1-4) out of contention in the East. Miami's Bob Griese threw a 50-yard touchdown pass. Buffalo's (1-4) recently revived defense kept the score close, but KANSAS CITY (4-1) won 18–7. With their leading receiver, Otis Taylor, out with injuries, the Chiefs got four field goals from Jan Stenerud. DENVER (1-3) called on first-string Quarterback Steve Tensi not completely recovered from a broken collar bone suffered in an exhibition game, and he threw a touchdown pass late in the fourth quarter to beat Cincinnati (2-3) 10–7. OAKLAND (4-0) remained the AFL's only unbeaten team by crushing Boston (2-2) 41–10

GOLF—Led by Shelley Hamlin, a 19-year-old Stanford University coed who shot a final-round record-tying 75, the U.S. WOMEN'S AMATEUR GOLF TEAM won the Espirito Santo Trophy, symbolic of international team supremacy, in Cheltenham, Australia. The U.S. team finished with a 616 total, five strokes ahead of Australia. France was third at 622, primarily because of the efforts of Catherine Lacoste, the former U.S. Women's Open champion, who was the low scorer with a 307

MRS. PHILIP CUOONE of Myrtle Beach, S.C., finishing 10 strokes ahead of Mrs. Hulet Smith, easily won the USGA's Senior Women's Amateur Championship at Pebble Beach, Calif.

GAY BREWER shot a 13-under-par 283 to win the Alcan Golfer of the Year tournament for the second consecutive year, at Birkdale, England. He finished three strokes in front of England's Peter Townsend, the leader going into the final round

HARNESS RACING—NEVELE PRIDE, with Stanley Dancer driving, equaled his own world's record (3:54) for two heats combined time, and won the Kentucky Futurity at Lexington, Ky., completing his sweep of trotting's Triple Crown—the Yonkers Futurity and the Hambletonian being the other two. The victory earned Nevele Pride $31,568.10 and increased his money won for 1968 to $393,164

HORSE RACING—VAGUELY NOBLE, 3-year-old colt purchased at Newmarket, England last year for $342,720 by Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Franklyn of Los Angeles, finished three lengths in front of Sir Ivor to win the $372,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Ridden by Australian Jockey Bill Williamson, Vaguely Noble earned $236,040 *(page 78)*

Coming on in the stretch, SHUVEE ($11.00) ridden by Jesse Davidson won the $130,650 Frizette at Belmont Park, by a neck from favored Gallant Bloom

MOTOR SPORTS—JACKIE STEWART of Scotland, driving a Matra-Ford, won the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. Graham Hill in a Lotus-Ford was second, followed by John Surtees in a Honda *(page 80)*

DAVID PEARSON, NASCAR's leading driver, increased his lead in the national standing to 63 points by winning the Augusta 200 Grand National at Augusta, Ga.

TENNIS—Ramanathan Krishnan defeated Ingo Buding 6–2, 7–5, 6–2 to give INDIA a 3–2 victory over West Germany in the Davis Cup interzona semi-finals at Munich. India will meet the U.S. team Nov. 9–11 for the right to challenge Australia in December

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: OSCAR BONAVENA, fourth-ranking heavyweight contender and boxing's No. 1 businessman, for a title fight with five-state Champion Joe Frazier in Philadelphia sometime in December. Bonavena, who knocked Frazier down twice in the second round and lost a split decision the last time the two men fought, will be guaranteed $75,000 and Frazier $100,000

RESIGNED: FRANK CROSETTI, a fixture in New York Yankee pinstripes for 37 years, reportedly to sign on as a coach with the new Seattle team, 2,000 miles closer to his Stockton, Calif. home and family

RETIRED: HORACIO ACCAVALLO, Argentina's world flyweight champion a month before he was to defend the title against José Severino, because he is "tired of the profession." Accavallo, 34, has had an outstanding career, losing but two of 84 fights and scoring 33 knockouts

DIED: MY MY, the 11-year-old chestnut mare who was six times the five-gaited champion in Georgetown, Ky. Purchased in 1964 by Miss Jolie Richardson for a reported $75,000, My My won 66 events—the last 53 straight—at 71 showings. She was buried next to her dam, Daneshall's Easter Parade, also a champion.

CREDITS

4—United Artists Corp. 26–33—drawings by Bil Charmatz. 27—James Drake. 28, 29—James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr. (3). 30, 31—Herb Scharfman. 32—Walter Iooss Jr. 34, 35—John D. Hanlon. 36, 37—Jerry Cooke. 38—UPI. 42–46—Sheedy & Long. 54–61—drawings by Arnold Roth. 68—Carl Iwasaki. 75—UPI, courtesy Maypo. 76—Sheedy & Long. 78, 79—P. Bertrand. 80—Eric Schweikardt. 82—Peter Hugar. 109—Jack Gillis III.

FACES IN THE CROWD

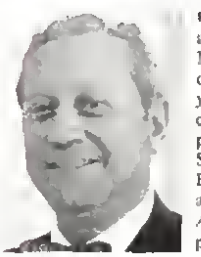
LEITH LENDE, 14, of Castleton-on-Hudson, is moving to the top rank of amateur skiers. Last winter she took her class title at the Tri-State Championships, was chosen to race on the New Zealand circuit and has now won that country's Alpine Combined Championships.

BURTON BINGHAM, 62, a Minneapolis storekeeper, improves at his specialty with every passing year. In 1964 he became his Minneapolis club's shuffleboard champion, this year he took both the open and the closed titles of the Western Nationals in Minneapolis.

HOPPY HOPKINS, a national marbles champion at 13 and now a Cleveland recreation director, was chosen MVP of the Women's National A.S.A. Slow Pitch Softball Tournament. Besides playing a stylish shortstop, she hit .633, had eight RBIs and four homers.

MALCOM LOMAX, a senior fullback who is leading the resurgence of Donora, Pa. Senior High School, is being hailed as the best all-round prep football player in western Pennsylvania. His statistics back it up: in five games he scored 13 TDs, averaged 12 yards a carry.

PAM LYSTER, a 20-year-old college junior from Galt, Calif., led her Sacramento Aquatic Club team to a five-victory sweep of the Women's Senior Outdoor Water Polo Championships in Sacramento. Three times an All-America, she also was named MVP.



RICHARD SEYMOUR, a 57-year-old Tenafly, N.J. advertising production manager, after years of fishing "all over," landed an 85-pound bull dolphin off Spanish Wells in the Bahamas. The catch is a new world record for All-Tackle and 50-pound-test-line classes.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOLD RUSH

Sirs

How can you pick the Russians over the Americans in Olympic basketball (*Mexico 68*, Sept 30)? True, the Russians have several big men, but I'll stick with the U S, with the U S S R second and Brazil or Yugoslavia third

JOSEPH POWESKA JR

Rochester, N Y

Sirs

I hope you won't think I'm against the U S or any other country in the Olympics but as a resident of Colombia, South America for 8½ years I think I have the right to tell you that your rating in the cycling events is all wrong Wait till you see Colombia's team

JEFF HARGADON

Wilton, Conn

Sirs

In your analysis of likely candidates to win the 800-meter event at the Olympic Games, there is no mention of Ireland's Noel Carroll Keep an eye on this dark horse he will be there at the finish

FINBARR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sirs:

Your coverage of the U S Olympic Trials at Echo Summit was, as usual, excellent (*Triumph and Tragedy at Tahoe*, Sept 23) However, in mentioning the many heroes and disappointments of the trials, you failed to recognize one of the most exciting and significant aspects—the fact that at least two of the members of the U S track and field team will have to take time away from their *high school* classes in order to participate! I refer to High Jumper Reynaldo Brown and Pole Vaulter Casey Carrigan To the best of my knowledge only one other Olympic competitor from the U S has reached this pinnacle at such an early age Jim Ryun

CHRIS ELLISON

Riverside, Calif

● The parents and friends of U S Olympic gymnasts, not to mention swimmers, might disagree (*see below*) —ED.

Sirs—

You goofed and you are now in for a typical parent's reaction On page 48 of your Sept 30 issue you pictured 15-year-old Cathy Rigby as the youngest gymnast on the U S team Not so Our 15-year-old daughter, Diane Bolin born Jan 28, 1953, is the youngest Cathy Rigby was born Dec 12, 1952 So there you have it

The girls are good friends and roomed together at Camp Richardson, South Lake Tahoe The team flew to Denver on Oct 3 for uniform fittings and then on to Mexico Naturally, we (the proud parents) will be in Mexico City for the Olympics

ANNE BOLIN

Fairmount, Ill

GYMNAST DIANE BOLIN

SALUTES AND SALVOS

Sirs

I greatly enjoyed Tex Maule's article, *The Young Generals* (Sept 30) I was glad to see that Mr Maule recognized the great potential of Ram Quarterback Roman Gabriel to become the next Johnny Unitas I enjoyed the article so much, I almost forgave him for placing the Colts over the Rams in his Coastal Division predictions (Pro Football, Sept 16)

LEWIS ZIONTS

Culver City, Calif

Sirs

Tex Maule dispensed with Fran Tarkenton much too hastily Even granting that statistics alone do not provide the surest guide for appraising quarterback excellence, consider the fact that Tarkenton, at only 28 and despite having played with the relatively weak Vikings and Giants, has already become 1) the fifth-ranking quarterback on the all-time-leading-passer list, and 2) the fourth best (to Unitas, Jurgensen and Starr) statistically among quarterbacks for the last seven years It is difficult to comprehend why Tarkenton is not heralded as a superstar quarterback, instead of being praised as simply an exciting scrambler

GARY C KARSHMER

Philadelphia

Sirs

May I ask why Mr Maule continues to ignore Sonny Jurgensen? He states in the Sept 30 issue that Bart Starr is the only quarterback considered the equal of Johnny Unitas In the season's preview Mr Maule said that Washington's passing records were deceiving It seems to me that the more passes a quarterback has to throw the harder it is for him to keep up good percentages Surely this is true of Sonny Jurgensen He must throw no matter what situations are confronting him, because of a nonexistent running attack If Jurgensen had the offensive line and defensive teams that Starr and Unitas have, he would undoubtedly surpass them, if he has not already Please give No 9 a chance!

MIKI KELLY

Emporia, Va

Sirs

I do believe the only reason I subscribe to your magazine is to get my ulcers aggravated by your NFL-minded writer, Tex Maule For eight years Tex has knocked the AFL from goalpost to sideline Now that the AFL is in its ninth and probably greatest year, Tex has decided to bury his head in the sand as if we didn't exist In six pages of script and photos there is not even one aside acknowledging the fact that the young AFL has potentially the greatest crop of future quarterback stars—and superstars—in the history of pro football

A football writer can ignore acknowledged pros like Joe Namath, Daryle Lamonica, Len Dawson and John Hadl, but how can he overlook the potential greatness of the kids in the league—Bob Griese, John Stofa, Pete Beathard and our own Dan Darragh? I'm sure that if Tex had been writing football in the late 1940s, he would also have overlooked Otto Graham and Frankie Albert of the old All America Conference, which terrorized the NFL for years

We in the AFL do not expect writers to go overboard for our league, our teams or our personnel, but we do expect that a knowledgeable football expert will occasionally glance in our direction and admit that we do have a football—and that there are a few people in the league who can move it!

RAY MERCER

Buffalo

Sirs:

How could you possibly publish an article purporting to feature the best young quarterbacks in pro football and nowhere mention Beathard, Griese, Namath or Lamonica?

With the exception of Tarkenton, the quarterbacks you tout as stars of the future

are privates compared to the AFL's young generals.

ANGELO F CONIGLIO

Amherst, N.Y.

Sirs:

Yes, Tex, there is an American Football League.

WAYNE A ROZEN

Binghamton, N.Y.

TIGER IN THE TOWN

Sirs:

Although I enjoyed his article on football at LSU (*A Big Night in a Li'l Ol' Town*, Sept. 30) more than any I've ever read in SI, I feel that William Johnson enjoyed the game but not the town. Baton Rouge will never be a New Orleans, but it does have a fine night life, thanks to thousands of people who know how to enjoy themselves even when LSU isn't playing football. Of course, the spirit at an LSU game is the greatest in the world. The enthusiasm of the students is something no one will believe unless he sits in the student section. However, Governor McKeithen is not quite the hick Mr. Johnson made him out to be.

STEPHEN ROBBINS

Fort Hays, Kans.

Sirs:

Mere words can't describe the greatness of the LSU Tigers or express our feelings about them, but William Johnson gave it a pretty good try! Thanks.

LOUIS CAMPBELL

Baton Rouge

REPRISALS

Sirs:

I would like to commend you on your College Football Issue (Sept. 9). It gave a most accurate description of the season. A number of your readers seemed to disagree with your No. 1 pick of Purdue. After what the Boilermakers did to Notre Dame, I don't see how there can be any dispute.

DOUG CAVENDER

St. Albans, W. Va.

Sirs:

O.K., Dan Jenkins, what's the idea? Purdue came to our Notre Dame Stadium, played very well and beat us. Does this give you the right to malign the spirit, both past and present, of our school? You went out of your way to give one of the most deleterious reports of a game that I have ever read. The Notre Dame team put forth a commendable effort, not the kind that makes the reader feel that they didn't even belong on the field. The spirit of the students and friends of Notre Dame is the greatest of any school, anywhere, and it's certainly not to be ridiculed. Reprisals are in the offing, man!

DENNIS M. NIGRO

Notre Dame, Ind.

continued

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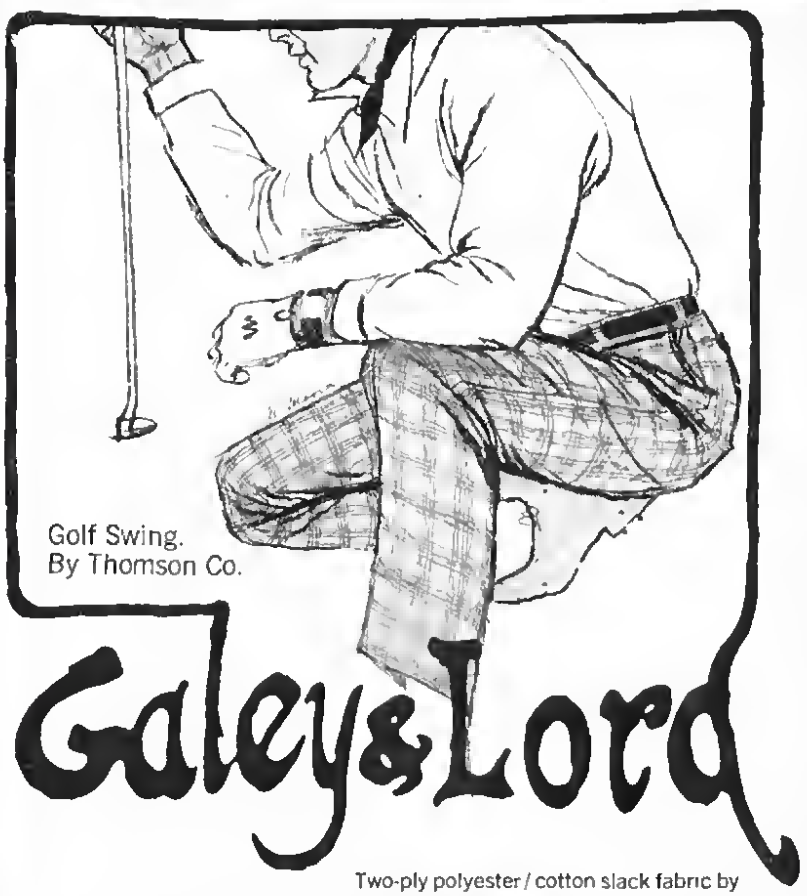

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KENYA REVISITED

Sirs:

John Underwood's story on Kenya's Olympic track program (*Lost Laughter*, Sept. 30) was *ne plus ultra* in more ways than one. Having spent 35 days in Africa last summer (several days in Nairobi, in Nyeri at the Outspan and in Masai land), I know that the article described to perfection the scenes we experienced. To this former track coach a highlight of the trip was a visit to Kamosinga Friends Boys School, some 150 miles out of Nairobi (near Kimilili), where we saw 200 boys in a track meet. Though the quarter-mile track was an undulating grass affair (the six lanes were marked with a black, tarry substance), times were excellent, but the English coaching left much to be desired and was a far cry from what we have in our high schools and colleges. Only three or four of the runners wore track shoes, and the lone timer's watch, an antique, registered in fifths of seconds. But don't write Kenya off re future stars, the state is full of them. Time is all they need —and equipment. We passed several schools on the road and noted that there was always track activity in the grassy fields. The material is there.

One Sunday near Nairobi we saw two busloads of kids returning from a track meet they had won. As they stopped in a village, three of their teachers held up the victory plaques while the kids cheered for several minutes. One would have thought they had won the Olympics from the smiling faces. My guess is that it won't be long before there are as many track stars as there are Jomo Kenyatta portraits in the state, and, as Underwood said, the place is flooded with them.

BILL EVANS

Oak Park, Ill.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

I nominate Coach Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year 1968. Bill is the greatest athlete in America and in the world today. In fact, he has been the greatest for the last decade and more. At the absolute least he ranks with those athletes we call "our immortals."

H. C. BROWN JR.

Fort Worth

Sirs:

I hope you recognize Jean-Claude Killy as the Sportsman of the Year because he dominates his sport as no one else ever has.

ROGER KNIEFEL

Minneapolis

REMNANTS

Sirs:

On page 15 of your Sept. 23 issue you display a photograph of Tennessee's Gary Kreis being tackled at the goal line. The accompanying caption reads: "Tennessee's Kreis almost loses the ball as he falls into the end zone after catching pass at game's end" (*A Rouser on a Rug*). Then on page 17 the description of the same play reads, ambiguously: "Kreis grabbed the ball at the one-yard line, felt it slipping sickeningly from his grasp as he fell into the end zone on his back and then had it again when he hit the Tartan."

My somewhat puzzled impression from watching the original play, then the slow-motion rerun and then a normal-speed rerun on television is that the reason Kreis had the pass "again when he hit the Tartan" is because the ball had *bounced off* the Tartan and back into his hands as he lay there. It was also my impression that Kreis did not have control of the pass as he fell, so that the pass was never completed. Your picture supported my impression, since it would seem impossible for any normal athlete to regain control of a ball he has clearly lost control of some four inches from the surface of the playing field without having it touch the ground and then bounce back into his hands.

The tiny bounce that the ball took was almost imperceptible to the eye at normal speed. It was only after I had seen the slow-motion replay that I became aware of it. I feel like the man in the old Philadelphia *Bulletin* ads. No one else seemed to notice.

CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

New York City

Sirs:

Tell Dan Jenkins that God did not "blow it" when He gave us grass. How healthy would our animals be if they grazed on Tartan Turf for a few weeks? Does Mr. Jenkins think grass has been waiting all these countless ages for the very recent sport of football?

JAN KENT

Tyler, Texas

Sirs:

In reference to your article on Tennessee's Tartan "rug" I have a question. What would be the effect of a flaming baton if it were inadvertently dropped on this wonderful surface? I wonder whether the 3M Company foresaw this circumstance when it developed Tartan Turf.

RICH GOODSTEIN

Havertown, Pa.

● Indeed it did and so did the Monsanto Company, the maker of Astro-Turf. Neither surface will support combustion, but both—like any nylon rug —will melt.—ED

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